

NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

JANUARY, 1879.



THE storm of war, which for a time raged in Eastern Europe, and which even yet refuses to be calmed, is now giving indications of an approaching outbreak in Central Asia. "British interests," which figured so conspicuously during the late Russo-Turkish war, and which it was presumed had been sufficiently assured by the Congress of Berlin, are again brought into peril in the East, and the sound of prepara-

tions for war, raised at the former alarm, and which has scarcely ceased, is again heard in the workshops and arsenals and shipyards of her Britannic Majesty, who is also Empress of India. And as the imperiled "British interests" so much talked of were Indian rather than of the home kingdom, the value of the results of the Berlin Congress must be sought in respect to the Indian Empire rather than of the United Kingdom of the British Islands.

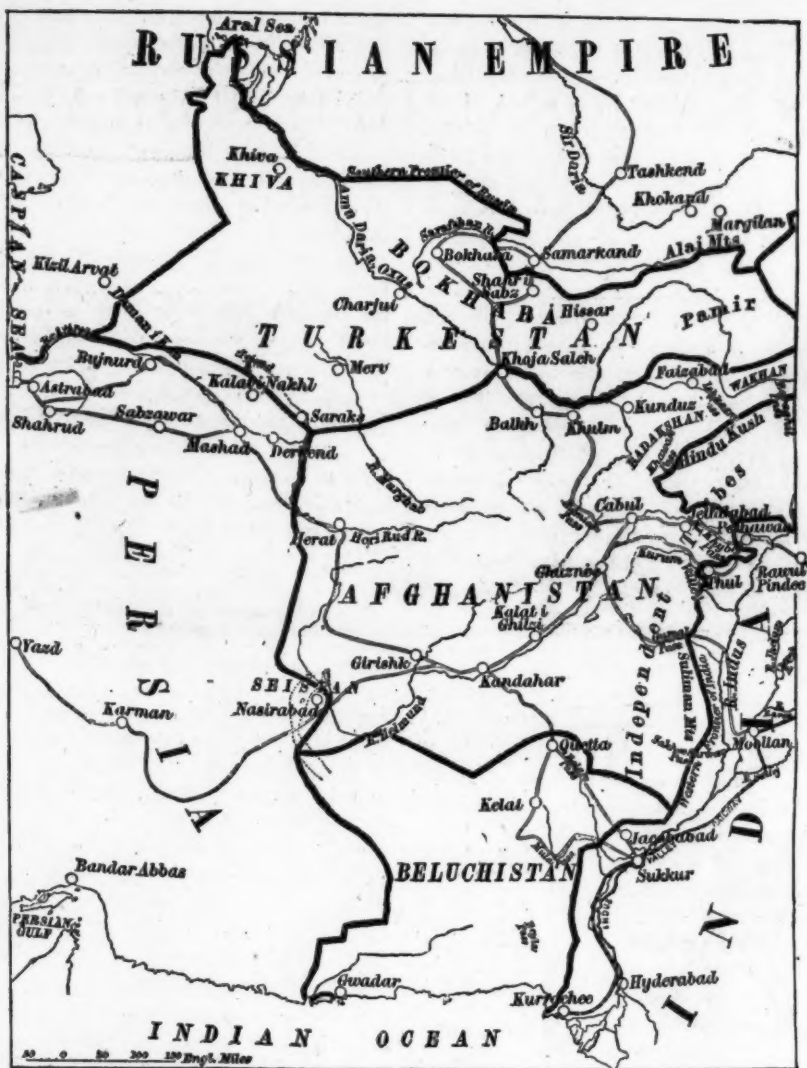
THE COUNTRY.

Nearly in the center of the continent of Asia, measuring from the four cardinal points, is the kingdom of Cabul,* the country of the Afghans—Afghanistan. It has an area estimated at 225,000 square miles, lying in an irregular square of about four hundred and fifty miles on either side. On

NOTE.—For the matter of this article the writer is indebted to a little book of ninety pages, by Phil. Robinson—"Cabul: The Ameer and his Country, and his People." London: Sampson Lowe & Co. From which also the article in the London Graphic, from which extracted.

tracts have been made, was chiefly taken. Other and more original sources of information are found in the works of Rawlinson, Vambéry, Bellew, Elphinstone, and Schuyler. See also Lady Sale's "Narrative."—Ed.

* Pronounced Caw-bool, and Afghanis-tan.



the north it is bounded by the river Amu, the ancient Oxus, which divides it from Bokhara and the regions of Turkistan—the Khivan territory extending eastward toward the Indo-British provinces of the Upper Indus. On the west it is bounded by Persia; on the south by Kelat (Beluchistan). From its south-easternmost extremity the frontier runs in a north easterly direction along British territory as far as Swat. On

the east it is bounded by Swat, Caffristan, and Kashgar. Afghanistan is traversed across the center from east to west by a chain of mountains, which may be viewed as an offshoot of the Himalayan system. This chain, called the Hindoo-Koosh, ends in the Koh-i-Baba, a huge mass north-west of, and at no great distance from, the city of Cabul, the loftiest peak of which is eighteen thousand feet in height, and is covered

with perpetual snow. Thence run two parallel chains, one called the Safed Koh, the other—the southermost one—the Siah Koh. The northern range terminates near Herat, and the southern range, when it reaches a point just south of that city, trends off to the south-west and by south, and sinks at last into the desert plains towards Seistan. These mountains are of no great height. North of the Koh-i-Baba and the Safed Koh is a high plateau, intersected by minor ranges, and called the Huzareh district. Running in a south-west direction from Cabul past Kandahar to Girishk is another chain of mountains. Almost the whole of Afghanistan is a mass of mountains interspersed with valleys, of which some are of considerable extent. The main water-sheds of the country are, however, the crests of the two mountain chains which run, one from east to west, and the other diagonally from north-east to south-west.

CLIMATE AND PRODUCTIONS.

The climate and soil of Afghanistan are very variable. In the valleys it is very hot in the Summer, and fruits and grain are abundant. There is also a good deal of cultivation on terraces on the lower slopes of the mountains. Throughout the country, however, and especially in the north, there are tracts of desert, or rough, rock-strewn plateaus, where nothing is cultivated. In the eastern part of the Cabul Valley, and in those to the south, the heat is sufficient to mature all the products of India, such as sugar-cane, indigo, and some tropical fruits, while the northern valleys abound in the productions of colder regions, and the mountains are covered with forests of pines. In Cabul and the northern part of Herat are high forest-clad mountains and vast plains, susceptible of every species of cultivation; but south of Herat and Kandahar the mountains are sterile and the plains are sandy and arid; and the inhabitants only obtain water by means of a series of wells connected by subterranean canals. Throughout the country agriculture is in an extremely primitive state. The soil is broken by a crooked log of wood shod with iron and

drawn by oxen; and irrigation is largely resorted to in those districts where it is found necessary. Only the richest tracts of land are cultivated; but the seasons are regular, and the harvests usually abundant. To the fruits of Europe in a high perfection are added most of those common in India, and vegetables of all kinds are reared in great abundance.

The chief animals of Afghanistan are the horse, camel, and sheep, which last are of the fat-tailed variety, and are remarkable for the peculiar brown color of their wool. The principal wild animals in the plains are the gazelle, jackal, fox, and wolf; but in the mountainous districts the tiger, leopard, lynx, hyæna, bear, and monkey are found; while in the western deserts a species of wild ass, called from its color the "gorakhar," or white ass, is met with.

THE PEOPLE.

The inhabitants of the country, though never accurately numbered, are estimated at about nine millions. They are divided into a great number of tribes, or nationalities, of different origins, and differing widely from each other. The Afghans proper, who are the most considerable race in the country, both in number and character, have few equals in their physical form.

From what stock they have sprung is a difficult matter to determine. They themselves have a tradition that they are descended from the ten tribes whom Salman-ser carried away captive after the destruction of Samaria, but no proof is advanced in support of the statement. The Tajik, of Persian origin, and the Huzara, the residue of Tartar invasion, Usbeks and Turkomans of various tribes, Kuzzilbash Mongols, and a bewildering variety of Hindi and Cashmiri colonists, all combine to form the population, while southward, but still subjects of the Ameer of Cabul, are the Brahoes and Beluchis, descended from different stocks and speaking different languages, and a medley of emigrant communities from Hindoostan and Persia.

The Afghan nation is divided into two great sections, the nomads and the fixed pop-

ulation, both of which are further subdivided into numerous tribes or clans. The nomads vary the monotony of life by engaging in tribal feuds and predatory excursions upon each other; and though they pride themselves upon the strict observance of the duties of hospitality so long as a stranger is within their tents or houses, he is no sooner beyond the limits of the camp or the shelter of the roof than they are ready to rob, and, perhaps, murder him, all comers being considered fair game.

These nomad tribes, as represented by their various chiefs, pay tribute to the Ameer of Cabul, and besides furnishing a contingent for the regular army of Afghanistan they constitute the bulk of the militia, upon which the Ameer can draw in an emergency. In all other respects they seem to be quite independent of the government at Cabul. The fixed population are engaged chiefly in agriculture. The Afghans, like most mountaineers, are proud of their lineage, and are highly national. Their love of individual freedom, though strong, is exceeded by devotion to the family or clan, and this again yields to their love of country at large.

In their government and customs they resemble other Mohammedan nations, but though proud of their devotion to Islam, they do not hesitate to break all its laws when their inclinations prompt them, notably in their large consumption of intoxicating liquors. In character the Afghan is bigoted and revengeful. His treachery is proverbial in the East, and hardly less notorious is his readiness to join in plunder or murder.

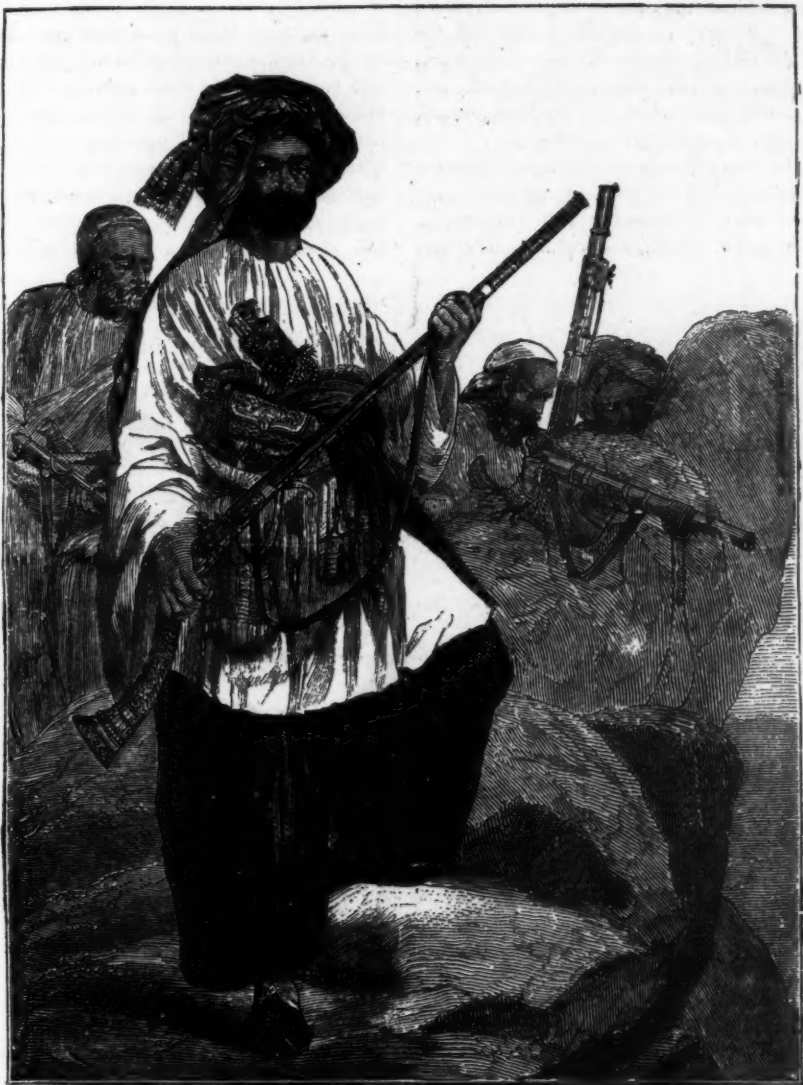
Their marriage customs are similar to those of most Mohammedan countries: wives are purchased and regarded as property; a man marries the widow of his deceased brother, and it is a mortal affront for any other man to take her to wife. Polygamy is permitted, but not largely practiced, the poor contenting themselves with one wife, and the middle class with two, and perhaps as many concubines. The wives of the rich live in indolence, but those of the poor labor both in the household and in the field.

Education is conducted much as in the conterminous countries, the children of the poor are taught by a moollah (schoolmaster) to read the Koran and say their prayers; the rich employ private tutors, while students intended for the learned professions go to colleges. Literature is at a very low ebb. The Pooahtoo language is an original stock, embracing a good deal of Persian, with some Zend and Sanskrit words, and the character used in writing it is the Niskee form of the Persian alphabet. Very few works of repute exist in the language. The Afghans are all Mohammedans of the Soonee persuasion, but they are very tolerant of other faiths. Christians sustain neither persecution nor reproach; they being called people of the *book*, as deriving their tenets from a written source, which the natives themselves respect. The Afghans are very social in their habits, they delight in dinner parties and are fond of listening to love songs sung to an accompaniment of guitars, fiddles, and hautboys; and to the marvelous fairy tales of the professional story-tellers. They smoke a great deal and take much snuff. They are also fond of engaging in the chase, and all kinds of sports, and they habitually train cocks, quails, rams, dogs, and even camels to engage in mutual combat.

THE ARMY.

The military forces of Afghanistan consist of a regular standing army and of a militia. The former comprises some seventeen or eighteen regiments of infantry, dressed, drilled, and equipped in imitation of the British army, whose cast-off and condemned clothing they buy up on the frontier stations of India, and adopt as their uniform. Besides these, there are three or four regiments of light dragoons, got up after the same model; also a small force of artillery, with perhaps a total of one hundred pieces of cannon, chiefly of brass and home-made. The army is nominally under the direct command of the king; but the regimental commands are distributed among the princes of the blood and the governors of the different provinces.

The infantry is, for the most part, com-



KOHISTAN FOOT SOLDIERS IN SUMMER COSTUME.

posed of true Afghans of various tribes, though amongst them are many Tajiks and a few Persians. The latter and the Tartars are mainly found in the ranks of the cavalry and artillery forces, of which, indeed, they constitute the bulk; whilst in the ranks of the three divisions of the army are to be found many Hindoostanees who have

deserted from the ranks of the British Indian army.

The militia force is a very numerous body, the numbers of which it is very difficult to ascertain. But in case of foreign invasion it would include almost the entire male population between the ages of sixteen and sixty. Their arms are the "jazel," or

long Afghan rifle; the sword, or in its stead the "charah," or Afghan knife, and the shield. The yeomanry division of this force, though sometimes they carry the rifle, are, as a rule, only armed with the lance, sword, and pistols, or the blunderbuss.

The Summer dress of the Afghan infantry soldier consists of a blue, red, or white loose shirt, worn outside the full trousers; a waist-belt of muslin, and a plaid-scarf of silk

brodered with silk: and in place of the full trousers, thick black cloth ones are substituted, fastened with rope round the waist, and bound with the same material from the ankle to the knee. Their arms are short iron spears, shields of buffalo or rhinoceros hide, straight knives, twenty-five to thirty-five inches in length, blunderbusses, matchlocks, with barrels forty-six inches long, and stocks inlaid with ivory, brass, or sil-



AFGHAN FOOT-SOLDIERS IN WINTER DRESS.

and cotton mixture, from which hangs the ammunition pouch of embroidered Russia leather, with a variety of useful articles, including among more useful things a rosary, amulets, relics, and little bags full of texts and prayers, which they believe will preserve them from danger or death. The head-gear is either a close-fitting skull-cap or a high flowing turban. In Winter, in addition to the shirt they wear a kind of half-jacket of tanned sheepskin, with the wool inside, the outside being tastefully em-

ver; curved swords and "juzzails," large heavy rifles, resembling a wall-piece in size, and fixed in an iron forked rest when fired; but which, notwithstanding their caliber, they sling across their shoulders and handle with great dexterity, while they spring from rock to rock, or swarm hand-over-hand the hanging precipice.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE AFGHANS.

History first recognizes the existence of the tribes called "Afghans," when they

were settled at Ghor, in Western Khorassan, in the eighth century, and after becoming subject in turn to Delhi, and to Persia, they attained to independence by the daring of Ahmed Shah, an Afghan; who on the death of Nadir Shah, the king of Persia, seized the vast treasure which the Persian army was carrying home from the plunder of India, and proclaiming himself King of the Afghans, readily united under him all the tribes of that name, and established within its present limits the independent kingdom over which he reigned for a season.

About 997 A. D., Monsoor, a Tartar chief, held sway to the north-west of what is now the British Indian frontier, and on his death one of his officers, Sebek-Taghee, seized the opportunity to carve for himself, out of Tartar territory, an independent State, of which Ghuznee was made the capital. In later times the dominant power has been exercised by the tribe of Dooraunees, which was founded by Ahmed Shah, who was crowned in 1747, taking the title of Doree Dóoran (the pearl of the age.) He was a prudent politician and a successful warrior, and at his death the monarchy passed to his son Timour, a slothful and indolent prince, who made no effort to extend his dominions. After his death his five sons engaged in a civil war for the possession of the throne, to which each laid claim. Zemaun Shah secured the crown for a time, but was ultimately compelled to yield to Mahmoud his elder brother. Mahmoud had soon to give place to another brother, Shujau Shah, who put him into prison, but on regaining his freedom he reappeared in arms against his rival. The result was disastrous to Shujau, who fled to Lahore, where he was plundered and confined by Runjeet Singh, but he ultimately escaped and took refuge in British territory. Mahmoud owed his success to the talents of his Vizier, Futteh Khan; but Kamram, the son of Mahmoud, persuaded his father to imprison him and put out his eyes, and the minister was eventually murdered. The numerous brothers of the Vizier, alarmed at this piece of cruelty, fled to their strongholds, and raised a rebellion throughout the kingdom. Mah-

moud fled to Herat, where he died, his son Kamram succeeding to such authority as he had been able to retain, and the rest of the country passing into the hands of various chiefs—the most able and active of whom was Dost Mahomed Khan.

Though seen now in the lowest depth of its poverty, the kingdom of the Ameer has a past history of some grandeur, and the vast architectural remains that heap many of its valleys and strew its plains bear witness to a prosperous age that has gone. Thus, from Ghuznee westward, all along the valleys of the Tarnak and the Halmund, down to the

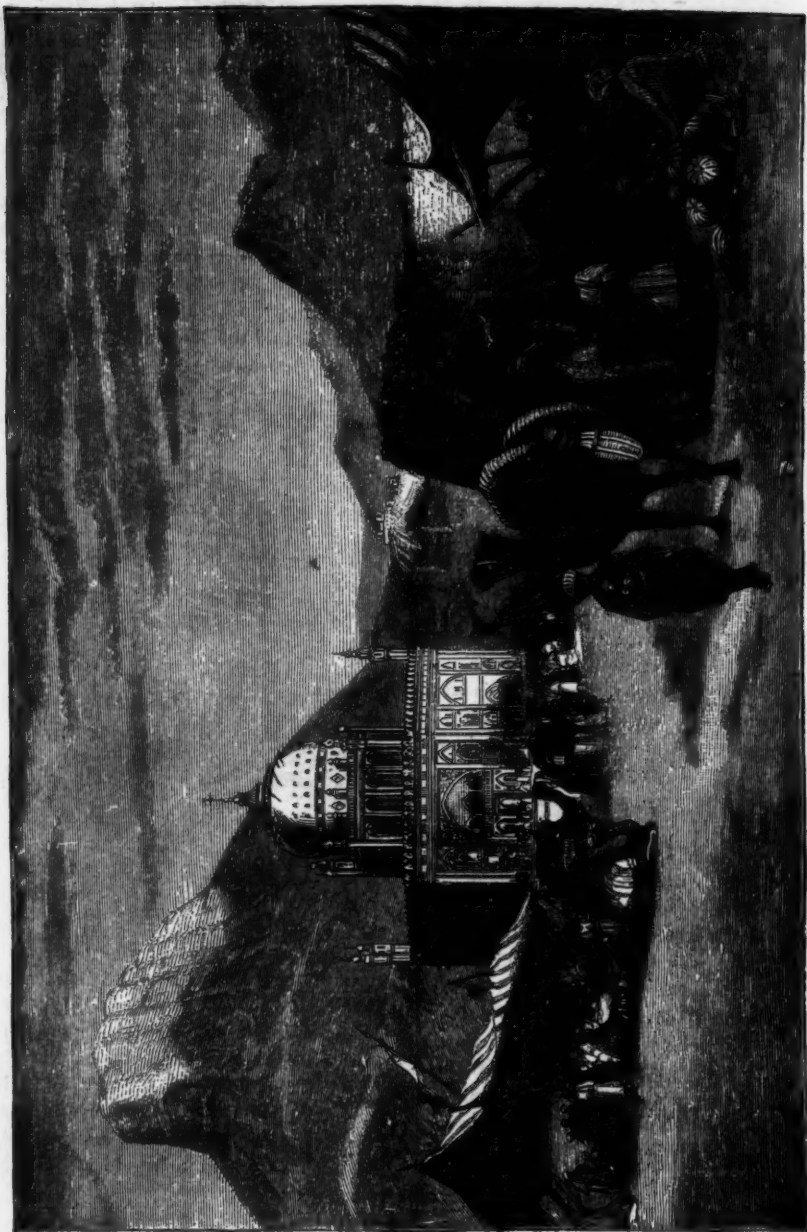


DOST MAHOMED KHAN.

basin of Seistan, the whole country is covered with the ruins of former towns, obliterated canals, and deserted cultivation, the sad memories of the Tartar devastations under Ghengiz Khan and Timour in the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries. It is, however, evident to all who have studied its resources that Afghanistan requires only a settled government to regain all its past power and wealth.

MONUMENTS AND RUINS.

The temple at Kandahar, in which rest the remains of Ahmed Shah, the founder of the Dooraunee tribe, stands upon a raised platform near the palace, or citadel. It is

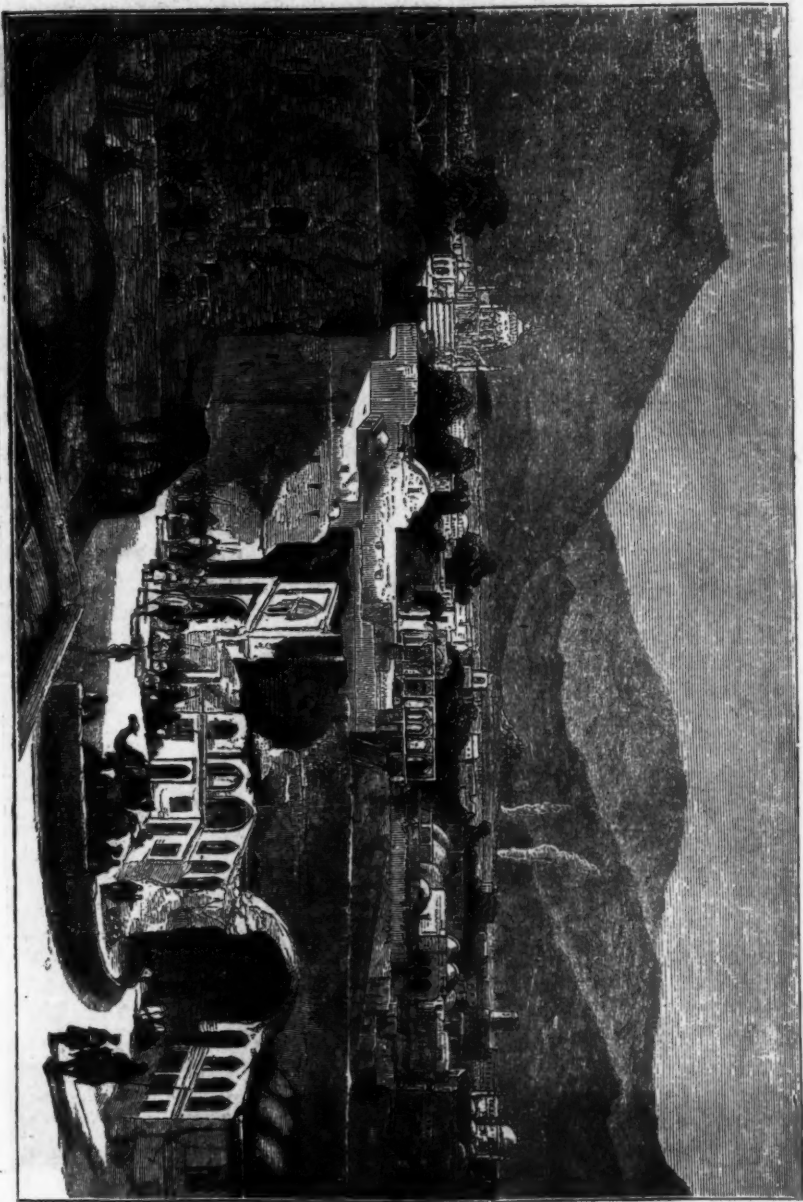


TEMPLE OF AHMED SHAH AT KANDAHAR.

built of white stone, with Turkish arches, decorated with colored tiles and painted with great taste. Ahmed Khan, the "Faultless King," was the greatest sovereign the

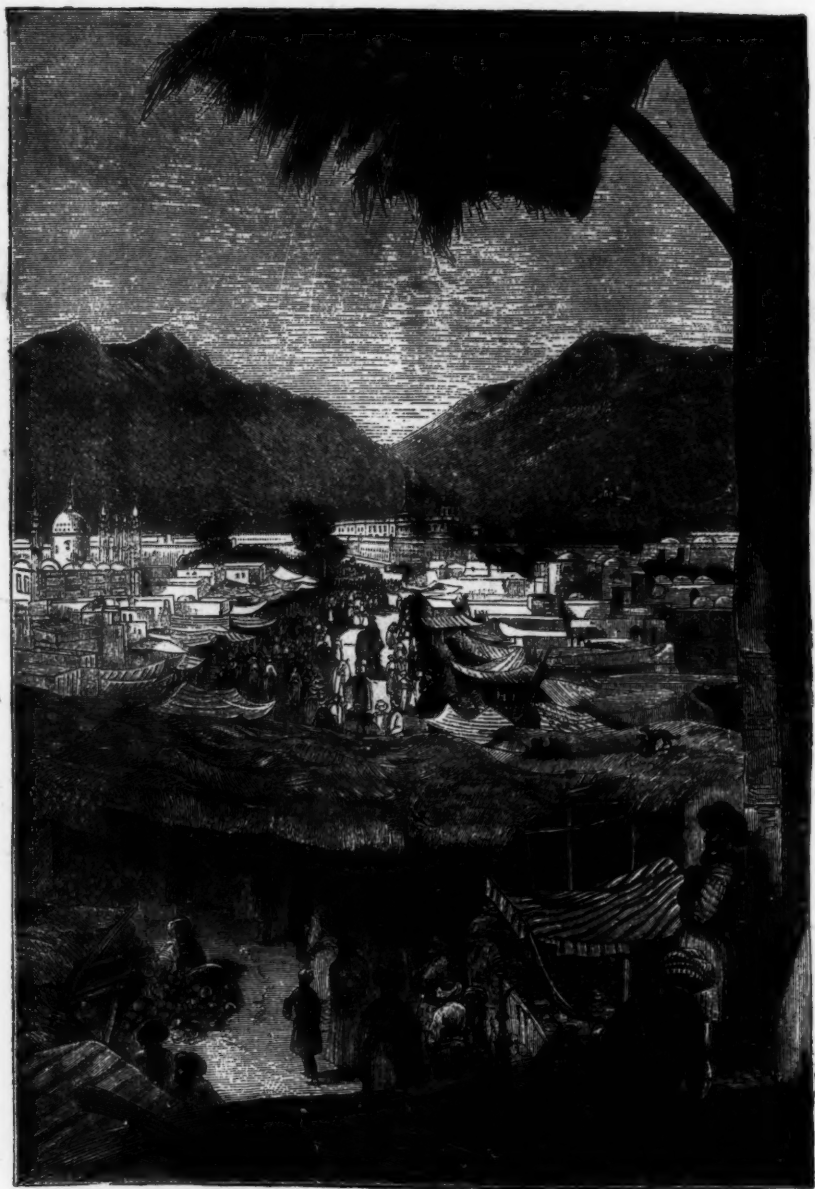
country ever produced, and all Eastern nations, whether friend or foe, still speak in terms of admiration of his military skill, his nobleness of heart, his clemency, and his

INTERIOR OF THE CITY OF KANDAHAR.



decision of character. His virtues were as numberless as his victories; he was fond of study, and was a great patron of men of learning and piety. In his latter years he was anxious to acquire the reputation of a

saint, and his wishes have been fulfilled, for his temple is regarded as the very perfection of sanctity, and is resorted to as a place of retirement by nobles or chiefs, who, discontented with, or tired of, the world,



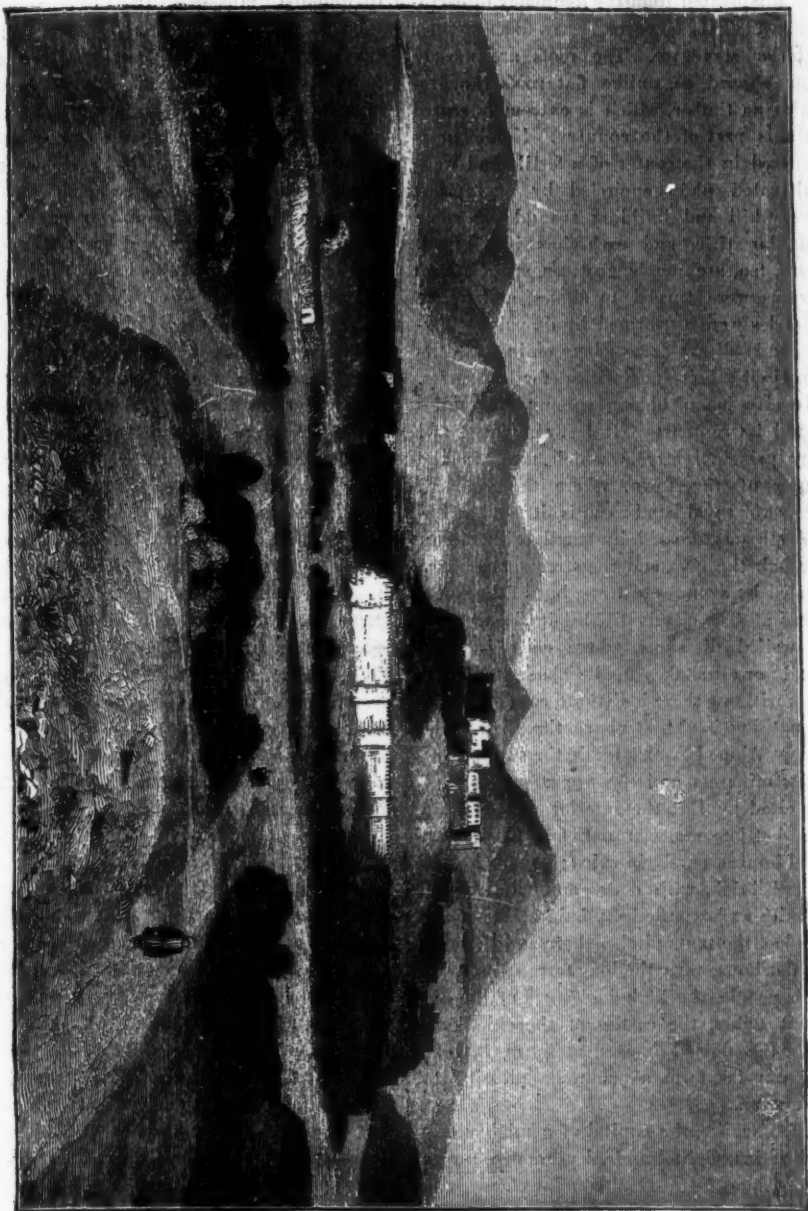
BAZAAR AND CITADEL FROM THE BAND-ROOM, KANDAHAR.

profess to meditate and pray there. No European has ever been permitted to cross the threshold, and though many have often essayed it, no sooner did they show their unbelieving heads at the outer courtyard,

than the Moolahs and Hadjees (pilgrims), who abound there, drove them away with hoots and cries of disgust.

The ancient city Kandahar is believed by the Afghans to have been built by Alexan-

FORTRESS OF CHUZNEH.



der the Great; but since that period two more recent cities have been destroyed by earthquakes or abandoned for new sites. North-west of the present (the fourth) city, which was built by Ahmed Shah, under a

hill called Chihel Zeenah, lie the vast ruins of one of these ancient cities. Towards the left is seen the tomb of Ahmed Shah; to the right a mosque, the Balla Hissaur, and the citadel. The buildings are all more or

less dilapidated from the frequency of earthquakes. This, however, serves to show their interior structure. The roofs are mostly dome-shaped, as, unlike flat roofs they require no timber, which is extremely scarce in this part of the country. Kandahar is situated in the center of a fertile and well-cultivated plain encircled by mountains. Every hill and building around has some singular title, and each has its legend. Here, too, are magic grottoes, spots where virgins were turned to stones, and where miracles were performed by despairing lovers, and solitary caves where eminent saints practiced their austerities for centuries. The city is an oblong square, four miles round its ramparts. It has six gates, and four principal streets which meet in the center of the town, where the Nakarra Khana or royal band-room is situated. Several streams, crossed by small bridges, run through the city, and the streets were once shaded by avenues of trees, but of these few remain. The city is divided into a number of walled divisions, where each peculiar family or clan takes up its abode. Viewed from without there is little to catch the eye, as nothing is visible above the high walls, except Ahmed Shah's tomb, the summits of a few minarets, and the upper parapets of the citadel. But the interior, as seen from the battlements, can not fail to delight. Mud houses, partly in ruins; square houses of red brick, with doors and windows of Turkish arches; the lofty habitations of the Hindoo, the tents pitched here and there on the flat house-tops, the long terraces crowded with people, the high inclosures of the different tribes, the castles of the chieftains, with the domed houses, mosques, turrets, and cupolas, form a panorama pleasing to look upon.

Of Ghuznee, the capital of a mighty empire which, eight hundred years ago, under the famous Sultan Mahmoud, extended its sovereignty from the mountains of Armenia to the banks of the Ganges, only a single fortress remains. In the twelfth century the Kings of Ghore conquered the Ghuznevide monarchs, and razed their capital to the ground. A damaged reservoir, several

dilapidated "musjeeds," two lofty minarets, the tomb of the emperor, and some architectural fragments, have alone survived the fury of war and the wreck of ages to point out the former site of this magnificent city of palaces. The town stands on the extreme point of a range of hills which slope upwards, and command the north-eastern angle of the Balla Hissaur, near which, among ruined mosques and grave-stones, is perched the tomb of Behoole the Wise.

Among the few relics of Ghuznee's ancient magnificence are two minarets remarkable for beauty of design and sculpture, which stand about five hundred yards distant from each other on the road to the village of Roza. They are of unequal height, and the Afghans have a tradition that the lesser was built at the command of Sultan Mahmoud, by an aged architect, who afterwards threw himself from its summit on finding that one of his pupils had excelled his masterpiece by erecting a loftier and more beautiful structure. In 1842, when Ghuznee was a second time wrested from the Afghans by the British army, fourteen mines were sprung in the citadel, the Bella Hissaur was completely swept away, and the outer and lower fortifications, with the town and bazaar were destroyed, and the whole place left a heap of smoking ruins.

MODERN HISTORY.

The recent history of Afghanistan dates back scarcely half a century. In 1837, the British Government of India, alarmed at the conduct of the emissaries of Russia, in the countries to the west of its possessions, sought an alliance with Dost Mohamed Khan, then ruling over the whole region known as Afghanistan, with Cabul as his capital. But the proffered alliance was declined, not without occasioning the suspicion that Russian influence was potent in the result. There was then, as is nearly always the case, another pretender to the authority exercised by Dost Mahomed, the Prince Shah Shujau, then an exile. He was accordingly sought out by the Indian government and made its *protégé*, in whose cause a force of over twenty-eight thousand



JUODULLIK, THE GROVE AND VALLEY.

men under the command of Sir John Keane, invaded the country, and though it was attended by some difficulties and privations, it successfully pursued its way to Kandahar, where Shah Shujau was solemnly enthroned in May, 1839. On the 23d of the same month, Ghuznee was taken by storm, and on the 7th of August, the victors entered Cabul, from which Dost Mahomed had fled, and the war was thought to be over. But the illusion was soon dispelled.

On the 2d of November a rising took place in Cabul, and an attack was made upon Sir Alexander Burnes's dwelling, in which he and his brother were killed. The British force occupying Cabul consisted of about sixteen thousand men, including camp followers. General Elphinstone withdrew all his troops into the cantonment, leaving the commissariat fort, containing all his supplies, to be guarded by a few troops, who speedily abandoned their post. From this moment the resistance of the British troops was only a question of time, as every day brought them closer to starvation. After a month of spiritless defence, during which the numbers of the enemy had enormously increased, negotiations were resorted to. But it soon became clear that Akbar Khan, the leader, was

only trying to gain time, and to add to the miserable prospects of the garrison a heavy fall of snow covered the ground. Six weeks after the rising, a pretended programme was submitted to the British Envoy, to which he assented, and in accordance with which, unaccompanied by any escort, he went to meet Akbar Khan. Sir William Macnaghten paid with his life for his credulity. He was shot through the head by Akbar Khan, and his body was exposed in the principal bazaar of Cabul.

A convention, under which the British were to leave Afghanistan and have safe conduct to the frontier, was subsequently agreed to, and General Elphinstone, on the 6th of January, marched out with upward of four thousand fighting men and twelve thousand camp followers. Almost immediately the massacre commenced—the rear guard was attacked, the guns captured, and every mile the army traversed had to be won with the sword. Want of food and excessive cold paralyzed the native troops (Sepoys), so that they were cut down without any attempt at resistance. The soldiers of the Forty-fourth Regiment were destroyed almost to a man. General Elphinstone surrendered to Akbar Khan, and eight ladies,



THE AMEER OF CABUL, SHERE ALI.

including Lady Sale and Lady Macnaghten, put themselves under his protection. At Jugdulluck, only thirty-five miles from Cabul, there were, with the exception of a few prisoners, three hundred survivors out

of the sixteen thousand five hundred; and of these the only one left seven days after leaving the capital was Dr. Brydon, who died a short time since. Shah Shujau met the same fate as so many of his English sup-

porters, and died by an assassin's hand. As soon as the dreadful news reached the Indian Government, a force of twelve thousand men, under General Pollock, was sent to avenge British honor, and punish the treachery of the Afghans. It successfully fought its way through the Khyber Pass, and, joining Sir Robert Sale, who for four months had gallantly held the town of Jellalabad, and obtaining a victory over Akbar Khan, it advanced to Cabul, whither General Nott, from Kandahar, had also marched. The abandoned city was destroyed, the European prisoners rescued, and the British army finally withdrew from Afghanistan.

Dost Mahomed, who had surrendered himself to the British commander as a prisoner of war, was set at liberty; and, returning to Cabul, he there regained the allegiance of his subjects. Subsequently, in 1857, a treaty of alliance was concluded with him, and a mission under Major Lumsden was sent to assist him in organizing his forces to resist the Persians, who had begun an attack upon his western frontier. In 1858 the heir-apparent to the throne of Cabul died suddenly, and Shere Ali Khan was nominated heir, to the exclusion of an elder brother. The natural consequence of this has been that since the death of Dost Mahomed, in 1863, the country has been the scene of perpetual strife among his sons. Shere Ali, the present occupant of the throne, in 1864 obtained a great victory over one of his brothers—who surrendered to him on promise of good treatment, but was treacherously cast into prison.

The Ameer, *Dost Mahomed*, died in 1863, at Herat, and left three sons, his oldest, Gholan Hordar Khan, being already dead; Mahomed Afzul Khan, and Mahomed Azim Khan, sons by an elder wife, and Shere Ali Khan, son by a younger and favorite wife. By the law of primogeniture, which seems to be as little regarded in Cabul, as it was in England in the time of the Tudors, Afzul Khan should have succeeded; but Shere Ali had been declared by his father, during his life-time, heir-apparent, and so on the death of Dost Mahomed a strife at once commenced for the throne; but, after

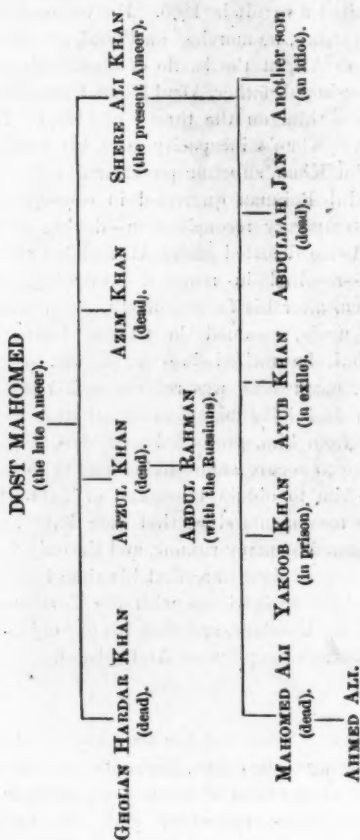
the manner of Eastern royal houses, the struggle was not confined to the principals concerned, for every scion of the dynasty struck a blow for individual independence; one in Turkistan, another in Kurram, a third in Kandahar, and a fourth in Furrah and Girishk—the four outlying provinces subordinate to the Cabul Ameer.

But not one of these, except Shere Ali, is now living; though Abdul Rahman, a son of Afzul Khan, still survives, an exile among the Russians, by whom he may possibly be utilized in some future intrigue. His whole life has been marked by stubborn opposition to Shere Ali, against whom he successfully excited a revolt in 1865. Having occupied Turkistan, he marched on Cabul, overthrew Shere Ali, at the battle of Shekabad, and, releasing his father, Afzul Khan, from prison, placed him on the throne of Cabul. But Afzul Khan's incapacity gave his brother, Azim Khan, supreme power, and with him Abdul Rahman quarreled in consequence. A temporary reconciliation—during which he twice defeated Shere Ali and his generals—resulted in renewed hostilities; and when, after his father's death, Azim Khan, his uncle, assumed the title of Ameer of Cabul, he retired into Turkistan. Shere Ali, meanwhile, was recovering his power, and Abdul Rahman, finding his army melting from him, proceeded to Khiva, hoping there to secure sufficient adherents to enable him to obtain possession of Turkistan. His movements since that date have been obscured by many rumors, and the only facts beyond all doubt are that his time is spent in alternate intrigues with the Turkomans and the Russians, and that his one object is to disturb the peace of Afghanistan.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF CABUL.

Shere Ali has had five sons, two of whom are dead. The eldest, Mahomed Ali, fell in 1865, at the head of his father's army, in a hand-to-hand encounter with his uncle, Amin Khan, who was a claimant to the throne. Abdullah Jan, the youngest and favorite son of the Ameer, who was then nominated heir-apparent, died quite recently, and it is a matter of doubt whom the Ameer will

now appoint as his successor. His three surviving sons appear to have little chance; the eldest, Ibrahim Khan, though loyal to his father, is a man of no capacity and little popularity; Yakoob, the next in age, who seems to have some military genius, and is more ambitious, has been imprisoned by his father since 1874; whilst the third, Ayub, after making a vain attempt to raise a rebellion in his brother Yakoob's cause in 1874, fled into Persia, and has ever since remained in exile. It is thought that Shere Ali's choice will fall upon his grandson, Ahmed Ali, the son of Mahomed Ali, who is now about seventeen years of age.



RECENT EVENTS.

The gradual approach of the Russians toward its Indian frontier has long been a source of anxiety to the British Govern-

ment. At the beginning of the last century their advanced forts were two thousand five hundred miles distant from those of the English. Toward the close of the century the distance was lessened to two thousand miles, and early in the present century was further reduced to one thousand. Since the Crimean War they have advanced up to within four hundred miles. It is therefore easy to understand why the advent of a Russian Mission at Cabul should have been regarded with something like alarm by the Government of India, and that Lord Lytton should have sought to neutralize its influence by endeavoring to open negotiations with the Ameer. Whether Shere Ali's refusal to admit the British envoy to his dominions was the result of Russian instigation is unknown, but it will soon appear whether the Czar intends to help the Ameer to defend his country. Of course much might be secretly done by Russia, by supplying rifles, mitrailleuses, and the like; but even if the Afghans be left entirely to their own resources, the invasion of the country can not but cost much blood and treasure. Though there can be but little doubt that if matters came to open war, and the Afghans be left to fight it out alone, they must at length succumb to the superior force of the Anglo-Indian army, yet there is cause to believe that victory would be purchased at a tremendous price. The Afghan army, even judged by modern standards, is very far from being contemptible. It is said that their drill is intrusted to Anglo-Indian deserters, and carried on in accordance with English rule, the word of command being given in that language; and that a fair degree of success in tactics and maneuvering has been attained. The natural defenses of the country are very strong, all the approaches running through difficult mountain passes, which are further strengthened by forts, perched here and there upon the overlooking heights; and besides this, the independent hill-tribes are little likely to be bound by any promises which they may make in return for the bribes which they are ever ready to except. Then, too, every town and village in the country has



OFFICERS OF THE AMEER (CHIEF EXECUTIONER AND ASSISTANT).

its walls, and innumerable towers are scattered about the country for the protection of the cultivated grounds and the grazing cattle.

After the terrible results of the former Indo-British expedition to Cabul, the policy of non-intervention was practically adopted, till some ten years ago, when active inter-

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vention was again adopted, and it was arranged to attempt to make Shere Ali a friend and ally by subsidizing him. Lord Mayo, the Governor-general, met the Ameer at Umatilla, and gave to him a written declaration that he "would view with severe displeasure an attempt on the part of his rivals to disturb his position," which Shere

Ali accepted as an implied abandonment of the pretensions of his nephew, Abdul Khan, and with this assurance and the royal subsidies he returned to Cabul. His satisfaction was justified by the unprecedented throng of nobles that crowded on his return to do homage to the honored guest and presumed ally of the Viceroy of Hindoostan.

The motive that had urged the British Government to seek an alliance with Shere Ali was evidently a wholesome and not unreasonable fear of Russian influence in Central Asia. About the same time Lord Clarendon opened a correspondence with Russia respecting the Asiatic boundaries of the two powers, which resulted in the settlement of the Oxus as the northern boundary of Shere Ali's dominions; Russia conceding to the Ameer his right to Badakhshan and Wakhan (a small territory to the north of the Hindoo Kush), and recognizing the frontiers of these provinces as limiting on the south her own dependencies of Khokland and Bokhara. In this arrangement no doubt the Russian diplomates were more than the equal of their English rivals, for they were perfectly familiar with the territory in question, of which the English knew almost nothing. Russia has perhaps observed the letter of her treaty, as she could well afford to do, and by it she gained time to consolidate her conquest of Khiva and Turkistan, so that now her possessions press hard upon the Oxus, and, through the favor of Persia on the West, hem in the country of the Ameer on both the north and the west. Successive annexations since the invasion of Khiva in 1873 have given Russia three principal routes to the neighborhood of Afghanistan, one by Charjui and Merv to Herat, a second by Karkhi and Andchire, and a third by Khoja Salih to Bulkh and the Bamain Pass. The steamboat service on Lake Aral and the Oxus would co-operate in conveying supplies. As far as the Hindoo Kush the course of a Russian army is fairly open. The short line that already exists between Poti and Tiflis forms a ready base for further extensions, and the true importance of Batoum is as a suitable terminus for a railway to Erivan, Tabriz, and Teheran. The scheme

for a railway from Teheran to Herat, receives additional significance from the fact that in the late negotiations the Russian Envoy to Cabul was instructed to demand "the right to station Russian agencies in the north-west of Afghanistan, and to visit Herat and the neighborhood."

In 1873, the agent of the Ameer visited Lord Northbrook at Simla, to express to the British Government his master's discontent at the manner that affairs had been going forward. That his discontent may have been stimulated by Russian intrigues is not at all improbable; he had also, no doubt, learned something of the trade of diplomacy himself, under such skillful masters of that art, as were those with whom he had been dealing on both sides. Still further, he had seen all his rivals put out of the way, so that he had nothing further to fear from that quarter. So, although he was offered his subsidy of £120,000, and fifteen thousand first-class rifles, he generally demeaned himself rather unamiably.

The Ameer then put his grievances in regular form before his *quondam* ally, and asked for their proper consideration. He complained that when Dost Mahomed, his father, died, in 1863, and Lord Lawrence had recognized Shere Ali as his successor, and when the throne was soon shaken under him, and two usurpers in succession ruled in Cabul (Shere Ali being meanwhile an exile in Turkistan), Lord Lawrence recognized first one and then the other as Ameer. Shere Ali, thanks to his son, Yakub Kahn, regained the throne, and though he in his turn was again hailed as Ameer by the Indian Government, he had not forgotten that an equally ready recognition had strengthened his two predecessors against him. Indeed, the remembrance of that pitiful policy was so vivid in the Ameer's mind in 1869, when he visited Lord Mayo, at Umballa, that he did not hesitate to speak bitterly of it to the Viceroy.

Again, it had been a chief purpose of the Ameer's visit to Lord Mayo to secure from him the recognition of his youngest son, Abdul Khan, as his successor; the failure of which design, though it was not insisted



LADIES OF CAHUL

upon, had come to appear to him as a personal wrong, and accordingly it is placed second in his catalogue of grievances.

Five others find a prominent place; namely, the dispatch of an embassy direct to

the Mir of Wakhan, instead of through himself as that chief's suzerain; the mediation of Lord Northbrook for Yakoob Khan when he was imprisoned by his father; the Seistan arbitration, when that province, in dispute

between Cabul and Persia, was adjudged to the latter; the hearing refused to his complaints at the Peshawur Conference in 1876; and the occupation of Quetta.

No doubt in most of all these cases the Ameer had good cause for complaint; but that he ventured to insist upon them is proof that he felt himself strong in his position, and seems to imply that he had not acted entirely without counsel. He especially resented Lord Northbrook's interference in behalf of his son, Yakoub Khan, while at the very same time the Russians, instead of reproaching him for his cruelty towards his son, congratulated him on having secured so dangerous a rebel. But it is not necessary to dwell upon the details of these abortive negotiations, when it was impossible for them to come to an agreement so long as one party was bent upon conquest, either by diplomacy or arms, and the other was determined to maintain his independence, or, if he must accept foreign protection, he would look to the North for it rather than to the East.

The immediate occasion of the new com-

plications was the refusal of the Ameer to permit an envoy from the British Governor-general of India to enter his dominions; and when a military officer was sent to the commandant of the frontier post to remonstrate against the reply that, had been given he was denied a hearing, and assured that but for the personal friendship existing between the parties he would have been shot down at once. This, of course, is something more than a discourtesy, it is an *insult*, which the British Government feels itself bound to notice, and, if proper apologies are not given, to punish. The whole English nation, already excited to fever heat by the Russo-Turkish war, are quite ready to rush to arms, or rather to have the Anglo-Indian army do so, to protect "British interests," and to vindicate the honor of the Empire. Perhaps there is to be a grand entertainment, incomparably worse than was ever seen in the Roman Coliseum, after which will come the time to "pay the piper." It is the Rothschilds, rather than the Von Moltkes, and the Wolsleys, that carry on wars in these later times.

A LAKE-SIDE IDYL.

WITHIN the lakelet's crystal breast
Strange pictures of this landscape rest,

And in the faithful mirror there,
We view each image doubly fair.

The water's green is tinged with blue;
Two skies blend in this magic hue.

Through upper and through lower sky
Dark webs of clouds float drifting by.

The green, wild grass and fern-palms make
With lily-stalks fringe by the lake.

The tall pine trees thick shadows throw
In leafy walls above, below.

Deep in the bottom lie white stones,
As in the sea lie dead men's bones.

But ah! sweet love, think not of death
When this glad day we draw life's breath.

And mirrored in life's mingled skies,
We see love's heaven with earthly eyes.

Though storms will briefly spoil the grace
Of beauties in the lake's embrace,

Another day its depths will show
The sky above in sky below.

The moon and stars here, nightly, pass
In silent march through wizard glass

Of wrinkled time. And, thus, may we
In their reflected glory see

Types of how worldly honors bless.
The shores of life are nothingness.

OLD COLONIAL DAYS.



AN OLD-TIME FIRE-SIDE.

OF all the stories of "ye ancient days," none of any people, not even those of the Greeks, excel in interest those of our own ancestry. Whether it be in battle valor, noble deed, or manly suffering, the heroic age of Hellas pales in the morning glory of our own ancestral sun. There was a theme for song in the daring deeds of the ancient sons of Troy. Their love of country and brave fight for liberty's sweet boon brought immortality to the whole Hellenic race, and stamped them all the harbingers of freedom won for man. It was by their valorous life that

"Homer's tuneful harp was strung
And earth was given an immortal song."

If Hellenic story could so inspire "the blind old bard of Scio's rocky isle," the American people should be a nation of poets. Our whole Colonial history is

"A homespun warp of circumstance,
A golden woof-thread of romance."

Just as the world was waking from the long sleep of the Middle Ages, Christopher Columbus pointed to a new continent for a

*For most of the illustrations in this article we are indebted to Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co., of New York. They are taken from their handsomely illustrated work,

field of adventure and discovery, and Martin Luther to an open Bible for the true consolations of a repentant sinner. Little did these two great men dream of the service they were rendering each other, and the intimate relation in which history would some day hold them up for a common remembrance. The Genoese sailor was in search of worldly treasures stocked in an unknown storehouse, but there were treasures of another kind. For centuries a body of men clad in the raiments of the heavenly, but in feeling and deed of the earth earthy, had kept a jealous guard over these divine presents, intended not for the few for gain and for barter, but for the whole human race without money and without price. The reformer of Wittenburg went forth to unlock this storehouse of the heavenly treasure, and thus provoked a strife the end of which is not yet.

The great Reformation owed its birth-right to the sixteenth century and to Germany; but it is the property of succeeding ages as well as it is of other countries. We

"One Hundred Years of American Independence," which has been a rich store-house for us also in its text as well.

lay a special claim upon it. From the first our land became a refuge and a rest for those whom papal tyranny and regal oppression drove from home and kin.

Hither came the distressed Huguenot to worship according to the dictates of his conscience at a shrine where no papal intercessor should force his service between the adorer and the adored. About the middle of the sixteenth century Coligny, the famous French admiral, formed the plan of founding a Huguenot asylum in the New World, which should become an empire based on religious ideas. In 1562 the first expedition landed at Port Royal; but love for the mother-land finally took them back to their native shores.

In 1620 another body of men came hither seeking an asylum. They were converts to the religion of the Monk of Wittenburg and his Swiss co-laborers. Guided by the day-star of liberty as it twinkled in the Western horizon these evangelical Christians of the British Isle came to found a "pure" Gospel Church, free from the trammels of a regal rule. One stormy day in the Fall of 1620, the ship called the *Mayflower*, which bore the little band of one hundred and two, dropped anchor in the harbor of Cape Cod. Before landing they assembled in the cabin, and signed a compact agreeing to submit to such "just and equal laws" as should be enacted for the "general good," and chose their governor. On Monday, December 21st, the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. A grateful posterity has kept the day in honored remembrance. "Forefathers' Rock," on which they first set foot,

"The Plymouth Rock that had been to their feet as a doorstep

Into the world unknown—the corner-stone of a nation,"

is still preserved as an object of veneration. It was probably the only stone large enough for the purpose of landing in all that bleak, sandy coast. The cutting blasts of Winter fell upon them. Half of the men were sick from exposure. Yet they resolutely set at work building rude log-cabins. At one time there were only seven well persons in the Colony. They carried out the dead through the snow and the cold, and returned to take

care of the sick. When Spring came, the graves they had dug far outnumbered the houses they had built. But the hearts of the survivors never misgave them, and from this Pilgrim band sprang the sturdy successors who have made the bone and sinew not only of the New Englanders but of a large proportion of the inhabitants of our wide domain.

A little while before the Pilgrim Fathers had reached the Massachusetts coast, Captain Hudson, while in search of a north-west passage to the Indies, had sighted what is now the New York coast, and entered the river which bears his name. Hudson was an Englishman, but was on an expedition for the Dutch. These people were then masters of the ocean. They could boast of three thousand merchant vessels and men-of-war and nearly one hundred thousand seamen. Engrossing, near the opening of the seventeenth century, most of the Eastern trade, they naturally desired to find a short passage to the Indies, and in 1609 Hudson was given command of the *Half-moon* by the "Dutch East India Company," to go in search of the short route to the East by way of the North. Holland immediately laid claim to the so strangely discovered territory, and named it "New Netherland." Emigrants not only of Holland but of the adjoining countries sued for the privilege of transmission, and large colonies were soon formed. Men of wealth advanced the passage-money, and settled tracts of land sixteen miles in length, which a patent granted them, with these *redemptioners*, as those were called who came by favor of the *patroons*, or lords of the manor, and in turn for the transfer they were obliged to serve on the land for a given term of years. In that charming little volume, "New York Society in the Olden Time," a story is told of one of these settlers who, having completed his bondage of several years, quietly produced a bag of gold which he had brought over with him, and which was sufficient to purchase a farm. "But," said his late master in surprise, "why, with all this money, did you not pay your passage, instead of serving in as a redemptioner so long?" "Oh,"

said the cautious emigrant from the Rhine, "I did not know English, and I should have been cheated. Now I know all about the country, and I can set up for myself." Which was true philosophy. These industrious settlers became respected citizens, and their descendants are to-day not only among the wealthy farmers along the Hudson, but among our most distinguished citizens in the State of New York. There is quite

a difference between the worth of the Island of Manhattan then and to-day. Peter Minuits, who came over as first governor of the Dutch, in 1626, bought the island of the Indians for twenty-four dollars. Yet this doubly acquired ownership, by the way, did not prevent the English from taking the land when they saw fit. In 1664 an English fleet anchored in the harbor, and coolly demanded the surrender in the name of the Duke of York. The stout-hearted old Dutch Governor, Stuyvesant, who had been a brave soldier in his time, stumped about on his wooden leg at a terrible rate, tore up the letter of his council making terms, and swore he would hold the place at every cost. But the burgomasters, who were in league with the Britishers, made him put the pieces together and sign the surrender. The English flag soon floated over the island, and the name of the Colony was changed to *New York* in honor of the new proprietor.

There were, of course, many nations who became tributary to the early settlement of this country, but after all it was only the Dutch, the Puritan, and the Huguenot who gave it its life and character:

"God had sifted those kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting,
Then had sifted the wheat as the living seed of a nation;
So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the people!"



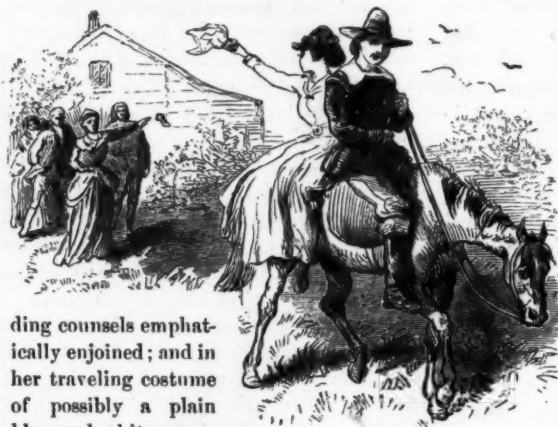
THE ENGLISH LANDING AT NEW YORK, 1664.

The Dutch, with a fair mixture of Germans, made up the center of this great western empire; the French refugees principally made up the South, and West, and North; while the Puritan founded and perpetuated English life and manners in the Eastern States, and made them the England of a newer growth.

By 1774, when the plan was ripening for the founding of a great republic, the thirteen colonies numbered about two million whites and five hundred thousand negroes, mostly slaves. They were principally settled along the sea-coast and the great rivers, and only occasionally a group dotted the backwoods beyond. Boston and Philadelphia were the principal cities, each having not far from twenty thousand inhabitants. New York contained a population of about twelve thousand, the houses not yet being numbered. Charleston had about eighteen thousand. Baltimore and Lancaster (Pennsylvania) had each about six thousand. The usual mode of travel was on foot or horseback, the roads being poor, and as yet few bridges across the rivers. Chaises and gigs, however, were in use, with their high wheels, and bodies hung low on wooden springs. People along the coast journeyed largely by means of sloops navigated by a man and a boy. The trip from New York to Philadelphia occupied three days if the wind was

fair. There was a wagon running bi-weekly from New York across New Jersey. The first stage route was between Providence and Boston, taking two days for the trip. Conveyances were put on in 1766 which made the unprecedented time of two days from New York to Philadelphia. They were, therefore, called "flying machines."

It is not a little interesting to go back to the time when even the stage-coach was as yet a luxury unknown. If a man is likely to make any display of the size of his pocket-book, it is sure to be on his wedding day. There was a time in our colonial life when our ante-revolutionary fathers had a very frugal way of it even in their wedding trips. The fair bride accompanied her husband, gentleman or yeoman, from her father's to the new home, seated on a pillion behind him on his horse. She expected to prove a "helpmeet for him," as the minister's wed-



A WEDDING JOURNEY.

ding counsels emphatically enjoined; and in her traveling costume of possibly a plain blue and white gown, the product of her own industry, she was as lovely in her sturdy husband's eye as the daintiest of modern brides can ever hope to be. Indeed, her fresh glowing cheeks and plump elastic form might well strike envy to the heart of many a modern belle.

Of all our colonial ancestry the New England character was marked by severest integrity. The Dutch are as reliable as they are thrifty. But they can not be called a religious people. The French Protestants, with their love for the truth, were never

much accused of any but the nobler traits of man. And yet, take it all in all, the Puritan always took the first place in colonial times. His conduct was rigorously shaped by a literal interpretation of the Scriptures. No Jew ever followed more closely both the laws and the prophets. Private morals were carefully watched over by the authorities in Church and State. In the earliest times the ministers had almost entire control, and a Church reproof was considered the heaviest disgrace. But something further was soon found necessary for less tender consciences and more flagrant offenders. A man was whipped for shooting fowl on Sunday. The swearer was made to meditate over his sin, standing in a public place with his tongue in a cleft stick; sometimes he was fined twelve pence, or set in the stocks, or imprisoned "according to the nature and quality of the person." In graver offenses, the unruly member was bored through with a hot iron. Minor transgressions of the tongue were not winked at, and the unhappy house-wife, whose temper got the better of her wisdom, had sorry leisure for repentance. "Scolds," says Josselyn, writing of the old "Body of Laws of 1646," "they gag and set them at their doors for certain hours, for all comers and goers by to gaze at." "Ducking in running water" is also mentioned as a punishment for this class of offenders. Philip Ratcliffe, of the Colony, was sentenced to "be whipped, have

his ears cut off, fined forty shillings, and banished out of the limits of the jurisdiction, for uttering malicious and scandalous speeches against the government and the Church of Salem."

Our Dutch friends seem to have regarded offenses of the tongue with as little favor as the Puritans, though their punishments were milder. In 1638, one Hendrick Jansen is made to stand at the fort door at the ringing of the bell, and ask the Governor's

pardon for having "scandalized" him. This same Hendrick Jansen, evidently an over-officious reformer, preferred a charge against the minister's wife for having "drawn up



THE GAG-PUNISHMENT FOR A SCOLD.

her petticoat a little way in the street." A woman who had the temerity to slander the minister was obliged also to appear at the fort door, and publicly confess that "she knew he was honest and pious, and that she lied falsely." The "wooden horse" was a peculiar punishment. It had a very sharp back, upon which the offender was tightly strapped, or had weights tied to his feet, the horse being first put into the cart body. A woman was the first who received this penalty, and the instrument was named after her, "the Horse of Mary Price." Culprits were sometimes led about the town fastened to the back of the cart, being whipped as they went. These customs continued as late as the middle of the eighteenth century, as witness an advertisement from the *New York Gazette* of March, 1750: "*The Public Whipper* being lately dead, twenty pounds a year is offered to a successor at the mayor's office."

The first "meeting-houses" consisted of a single room, perhaps twenty by thirty-six feet in size and twelve feet high "in the stud." The roof was either shingled or thatched with long grass. It was a great advance when they were able to have it

"lathed on the inside, and so daubed and whitened over, workman-like." They were afterwards built with a pyramidal roof, crowned with a belfry. The bell-rope hung from the center, and the sexton performed his office half-way between the pulpit and the large entrance door. Such a meeting-house, built in 1681, still stands in Hingham, Massachusetts.

In the early Plymouth days every house opened on Sunday morning at the tap of the drum. The men in "sad-colored mantles" and armed to the teeth, the women in sober gowns, kerchiefs, and hoods, all assembled in front of the captain's house. Three abreast, they marched up the hill to the meeting-house, where every man set down his musket within easy reach. The elders and deacons took their seat in a "long pue" in front of the preacher's desk, facing the congregation. The old men, the young men, and the young women, each, had their separate place. The boys were gravely perched on the pulpit-stairs or in the galleries, and had a constable or tithing-man to keep them in order. The light came straggling through the little diamond-shaped window panes, weirdly gilding the wolf-heads which hung upon the walls—trophies of the year's conquests. As glass was scarce, oiled paper was sometimes used in its stead.

The service began with a long prayer, and was followed by reading and expounding of



THE FIRST CHURCH BUILT AT HARTFORD, CONN., 1688.

the Scriptures, a psalm—lined by one of the ruling elders—from Ainsworth's Version, which the colonists brought over with them,



COLONISTS GOING TO CHURCH.

and the sermon. Instrumental music was absolutely proscribed, as condemned by the text (Amos v, 23), "I will not hear the melody of thy viols;" and one tune for each metre was all those good old fathers needed. Those now known as "York," "Hackney," "Windsor," "St. Mary's," and "Martyrs," were the standard stock, and they were intoned with a devout zeal almost forgotten in these modern times of organs and trained choirs. The approved length of the sermon was an hour, and the sexton turned the hour-glass, which stood upon the desk before the minister. But woe to the unlucky youngster whose eyelids drooped in slumber! The ever-vigilant constables, with their wands, tipped on one extremity with the foot and on the other with the tail of a hare, brought the heavier end down sharply on the little nodding, flaxen head. The care-worn matron who was betrayed into a like offense was gently reminded of her duty by a touch on the forehead with the softer end of the same stick.

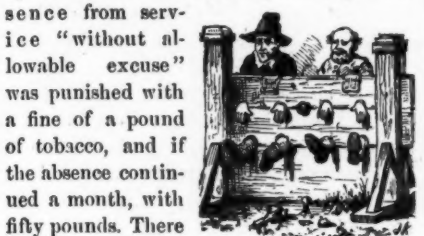
As to the "prophanely behaved" person who lingered "without doers att the meeting-house on the Lord's daies," to indulge

in social chat or even to steal a quiet nap, he was "admonished" by the constables; on a second offense, "sett in the stockes," and if his moral sense was still perverted, he was cited before the court. If any man should dare to interrupt the preaching or falsely charge the minister with error, "in the open face of the Church," or otherwise make "God's wayes contemptible and ridiculous,—every such person or persons (whatsoever censure the Church may passe) shall for the first scandall bee convented and re-proved openly by the magistrates' at some Lecture, and bound to their good behaviour. And if the second time they breake forth into the like contemptuous carriages, they shall either pay five pounds to the publique Treasure or stand two houres openly upon a block or stoole four foott high upon a Lecture day, with a paper fixed on his Breast, written with capitalle letters, *An open and obstinate contemner of God's holy ordinances.*"

After the sermon came the weekly contribution. The congregation, sternly solemn, marched to the front, the chief men or magistrates first, and deposited their offerings in

the money-box held by one of the elders or deacons. The occupants of the galleries also came down, and marching two abreast, up one aisle and down another, paid respect to the Church treasury in money, paper promises, or articles of value, according to their ability.

In Virginia, where the English established Church was guarded with zealous care, according to the regulations of 1632, a room or house in every plantation was to be set apart for, and consecrated to, worship. Absence from service "without allowable excuse" was punished with a fine of a pound of tobacco, and if the absence continued a month, with fifty pounds. There are rumors of other penalties in earlier times, such as being tied neck and heels for a night, and serving as a slave to the colony—a week for the first offense, a month for the second, and a year and a day for the third. Certain culprits also are mentioned as being made to stand in church, wrapped in a snowy sheet and holding a white wand, like guilty ghosts or transfigured lepers; or as having the initial letter of their crime fastened in a great, bold capital upon their back or breast, as in New England.



IN THE STOCKS.

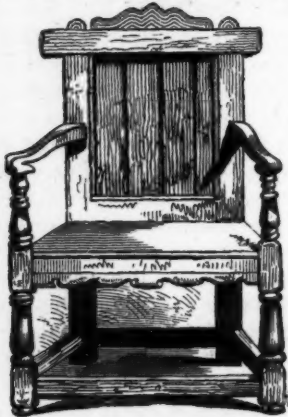
Ministers were restrained from a neglect of their duties by a fine of half their salary if they absented themselves for two months; losing their entire salary and the cure itself for an absence of double that length of time. The salary aforesaid consisted of ten pounds of tobacco and a bushel of corn—"the first gathered and best"—from every male over sixteen, with marriage, christening, and burial fees. Among other provisions made or recommended for the support of the pastor, we find the following: "1662. The court proposeth it as a thing they judge would be very commendable & beneficiall to the townes where God's providence shall cast any whales, if they should agree to sett apart some p'te of every such fish or oyle

for the encouragement of an able and godly minister amongst them."

In the earliest days, every twentieth calf, pig, and kid in the parish was also his due. The clerical liberty was further hedged in by an injunction not to give themselves "to excess in drinking or riot, spending their time idly by day or night, playing at cards, dice, or other unlawful games; but to read or hear the Holy Scriptures, or to employ themselves in other honorable studies or exercise, bearing in mind that they ought to be examples to the people to live well and Christianly."

Fast and thangsgiving were the great public days of New England. A fast-day was regularly kept at the season of annual planting; but days of fasting and prayer were often appointed on account of some special or threatened calamity. In 1644, one day in every month was ordered to be thus observed. Excellent care, however, was always taken to avoid a fast on Good Friday, as well as to keep clear of a feast on Christmas. Our Puritan forefathers were rigidly jealous of the slightest concession to "Popish" customs. We can not suppress a smile when we read that, not content with denying the title of "Saint" to the apostles and ancient Christian fathers, they even refused to speak it when applied to places. "The Island of St. Christophers was always wrote Christophers, and by the same rule all other places to which Saint had been prefixed. If any exception was made, an answer was ready: Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob had as good a right to this appellation as Peter, James, and John." "Because," says Lechford, "they would avoid all memory of heathenish and idols' names," they designated the days of the week and months of the year by numbers. March was the first month, and Sunday, or Sabbath as they styled it, the first day. Morton, who complained before the Lords Commissioners of the Plantations in England, of some of the Puritan ways, especially marriages by magistrates, says: "The people of New England hold the use of a ring in marriage to be a relique of popery, a diabolical circle for the Devell to daunce in."

Whatever cheer was lost, from conscientious scruples, at Christmas-tide, was made up on thanksgiving day, especially in Connecticut. From its first celebration, eighteen years after the *Mayflower* landing, it was the great social event of the whole twelve months. The growing family was gathered, from far and near, and clustering round the paternal hearth-stone, forgot every trial in the joys of kinship. For days before it came, the plump fowls, the yellowest pumpkins, and the finest of vegetables were marked and put aside. The stalled ox and the fatted calf were killed. When the glad morning arrived, a happy flutter pervaded every home. Children's feet pattered over the old farm-house from cellar to



CHAIR BROUGHT OVER IN THE MAYFLOWER.

garret, and made the rafters echo with their noisy glee. "Sometimes there were so many that the house would scarcely hold them; but the dear old grandmother, whose memory could hardly keep the constantly lengthening record of their births, and whose eye, dim with tears and age, could never see which child to love the best, welcomed each with a trembling hand and overflowing heart." (Hollister, "History of Connecticut.") After the public service came the generous dinner; and then all gathered around the blazing hickory fire to listen to the joys and perils of the year. As the little eyes grew sleepy and fair heads began to nod with very weariness of enjoyment, the old family Bible was brought out, and the day was

closed with a fervent thanksgiving for mercies past, and supplications for the future.

Among the Dutch, New-Year's Day was the one of all the year for gayety and festivity. Our delightful fashion of New-Year's calls is an inheritance from the Hollanders, who were also accustomed to exchange presents and other complimentary tokens on that day. General Washington, speaking of this usage, once remarked: "New York will, in process of years, gradually change its ancient customs and manners; but whatever changes take place, never forget the cordial observance of New Year's Day." To the Dutch, also, we owe our Christmas visit of Santa Claus, colored eggs at Easter, doughnuts, crullers, and New-Year's cookies.

Training-day was a great event. All the men from sixteen to sixty years of age were required to participate in the general drill. There does not appear to have been any uniform dress, and no music but that of the drum to inspire the military movements; but as every member of the militia practiced for the defense of his own household, we can well imagine that there was lacking neither zest nor zeal. At Plymouth, by law, trainings were "always begun and ended with prayer." The pikemen—the tallest and strongest in the colony—shouldered their pikes—ten feet in length, besides the spear at the end—with religious resolution; the musketeers firmly grasped their clumsy old matchlocks; and the young Puritan boys looked on and sighed with envy, longing for the time when they, too, might wear helmet and breastplate, or a cotton-stuffed coat to turn the Indian arrows. To be even a corporal in the militia was an honor which required an extra amount of humility to bear without danger to the soul. John Hull, a prosperous Boston merchant, chosen to that office in 1648, praises God for giving him "acceptance and favor in the eyes of His people, and, as a fruit thereof, advancement above his deserts." Huskings, apple-parings, and quiltings, were also favorite occasions for social gathering.

There were two standard amusements among young Dutch people—sliding down



TRAINING DAY.

hill in Winter, and pillaging pigs and turkeys from a neighbor's garden. This was considered frolic, not theft, though the owner—if he failed to overtake and chastise the robbers, which was *his* token of gallantry—never saw his property again. The married man shut himself out from these sports, as unbecoming his dignity, but the bridegroom was sure to receive such a visit from some of his old companions. A story is told of two parties out one night on the same business. Both attacked the same place. The chief of the second party, finding the game gone, suspected the other, and followed it to an inn, where he found the coveted pig roasting before the fire. Sending the maid out a trivial excuse, he cut the string by which the pig was suspended, and laying it in the dripping-pan, carried it swiftly through the dark and quiet streets to another inn, where his companions were awaiting him. The first party, not to be outdone, and rightly guessing the offenders, sent a messenger to the other inn, where supper and “the pig” had just been served. Throwing a huge parcel of shavings before the door, he touched a match to them, and crying “fire” with all his might, soon drew every occupant to the front. Stealing in the back way, he secured the traveled treasure, and rushing back to his friends, they feasted on the spoils. Strawberries abounded in June,

when “the country people, perceiving that the fields and woods were dyed red, would go forth with wine, cream, and sugar; and instead of a coat of mail, every one takes up a female behind him on horseback, and starting for the fields, set to picking the fruit and regaling themselves as long as they list.”

Governor Winthrop prohibited cards and gaming-tables. Dancing, however, was not entirely forbidden in New England circles, for we read that it was long the custom in Connecticut for the young people of a parish to celebrate the settlement of the new minister by an ordination ball. But these gradually fell into disrepute, and were at last suppressed by public sentiment.

The houses of most of the first settlers were, of necessity, primitive—a log cabin, often of a single room, with an immense chimney built externally at its side. The chinks between the logs were “daubed,” as the term was, with a mortar of clay and straw. Tall grass, gathered along the beaches, was largely used for the thatching of roofs.



EARLY AMERICAN PLOUGH.

There were not wanting, however, some "fair and stately houses," for which the New Haven people were reproved as having "laid out too much of their stocks and estates" in them. One Isaac Allerton, especially, is mentioned as having "built a grand house on the creek, with four porches." Governor Coddington built a brick house in Boston before he went thence to found his colony. Rev. Mr. Whitefield's stone house in Guilford, Connecticut, has endured two hundred and thirty-seven years, and is the oldest house, standing as originally built, in the United States, north of Florida. After thirty years, a better class of dwellings began to be more common. They were usually



WHITEFIELD'S HOUSE, GUILFORD, CONNECTICUT.

made of heavy oak frames, put together in the most solid manner, and made secure at night by massive wooden bars. After the Indians and wild beasts had been driven back by increased settlement, bolts and bars fell into disuse. The foundations of the huge old stone chimneys were about twelve feet square. Forest logs four feet in length were piled upon the ponderous andirons, and on occasions a big "back-log" was drawn into the house by a horse, and then rolled to the fire-place with hand-spikes. 'Blazing hearth-stones' had then a meaning at which, in our days of furnaces and steam-pipes, we can only guess. No need for artificial ventilators when, through the crevices

of the building, swept such keen, brisk currents of air.

The frugality of our Pilgrim fathers was best seen at the table. In the morning the farmer and his family sat down to their breakfast of "bean porridge," or boiled corn-meal and milk, with a healthy appetite. Beer, cider, or cold water furnished their usual beverage; for tea and coffee were unknown in New England homes in the seventeenth century. "Rye and Indian" was the staff of life on which they leaned the most. We can fancy a New England table of those early days, with its pewter dishes, brightened to their utmost polish, and, in the wealthier households, here and there a silver beaker or tankard, the heir-loom of the family. The dinner, which is at noon, opens with a large Indian pudding—ground corn sweetened with molasses—accompanied by an appropriate sauce; next come boiled beef and pork; then wild game with potatoes, followed by turnips and samp or succotash. Pumpkins were served in various ways. Supper was also a substantial meal, though generally eaten cold. Baked beans, baked Indian pudding, and newly-baked rye and Indian bread were standard dishes for Wednesday, "after the washing and ironing agonies of Monday and Tuesday;" salt fish on Saturday, but never on Friday, the "Popish" fast-day; and boiled Indian pudding, with roast beef for those who could get it, on Sunday.

The followers of Hendrick Hudson were quite a different people. To the bustling energy and severe religious laws of New England they opposed an easy good nature and imperturbable content. Only in the painfulness of extreme neatness did they resemble and even surpass their Northern and Eastern neighbors. Let us recall a comfortable *Dutch mansion* of the seventeenth century. "Its gable-end of small black and yellow bricks, receding in regular steps from the base of the roof to the summit, and there crowned with a 'fierce little weather-cock,' stood squarely to the street. Not ashamed to let its age be known, it was proclaimed in straggling iron figures upon the

front. The inevitable porch, elevated by a few steps, was covered by a wooden awning, or perhaps a lattice-work, over which luxuriantly drooped and wandered a wild grape-vine. These porches were the universal rendezvous in the after part of the day. The old people clustered together in one, the younger in another, and the children sat placidly on the steps and ate their bread and milk before retiring; while the beaux sauntered along and cast shy glances toward their favorite maidens, or accepted an invitation to join the little group. The gutters on the roofs often stretched almost to the middle of the street, to the great annoyance of passers-by. The front door, opened only on rare occasions, was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, wrought in a curious animal device. This was the pride of the housewife, and was burnished daily with intense solicitude. A wide passage extended through the house, with doors at either end; this, furnished with chairs, and having always a scrupulously white, sanded floor, served for a Summer parlor. Aside from this reception-hall, there were but two large rooms on the first floor, with light, ample closets adjoining. On account of the difficulty of warming these, and to save the best furniture from the dust and smoke of huge wood fires, the family usually retired in the Winter to a small addition in the rear, consisting of one or two rooms above and below. This was built of wood, as, indeed, was ordinarily the whole house, except the pretentious gable front. While the Connecticut mistress spun, wove, and stored her household linens in crowded chests, the Dutch matron scrubbed and scoured her polished floor and wood-work. Dirt in no form could be endured by her; and dear as water was in the city, where it was generally sold at a penny a gallon, it was used unsparingly."

Fine furniture was the good housewife's weakness. Ponderous tables, drawers resplendent with brass ornaments, quaint corner cupboard, beds and bedsteads, and even the frying-pan and immense Dutch oven had her most loving regards. "The mirrors, the paintings, the china, but, above all,

the state bed," records the author above quoted, "were considered as the family seraphim, secretly worshiped, and only exhibited on very rare occasions." "The grand parlor," says Washington Irving, "was the *sanctum sanctorum*, where the passion for



SPINNING-WHEEL.

cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning and putting things to rights—always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door and entering devoutly on their stocking feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine, white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles and curves and rhomboids with a broom; after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fireplace, the window-shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day."

"Every family had a cow, fed through the day in a common pasture at the end of the town. They came at night and went in the morning of their own accord, like proper adjuncts to sedate and systematic households, and their tinkling bells never failed to warn of their approach along the grassy

streets when the proper hour for milking arrived. Being allowed, however, to roam the town from evening to morning milking, they by no means improved the neatness of the highways, which presented a strange contrast in that respect to the immaculate interiors of the houses. On dark nights housekeepers were required to keep lights—tallow candles—in their front windows, and every seventh householder was obliged to 'hang out a lanthorn and candle on a pole.'

"The happy burghers breakfasted at dawn, dined at eleven, and retired at sunset. No change was ever made in the arrangements for the family dinner in favor of a guest, and the unexpected visitor was received at that meal with unmistakable signs of coldness and disfavor. A silent grace before meat was the usual habit with the Hollanders. Mush, or bread with buttermilk, 'and if to that they added sugar,' it was thought delicious, constituted the standard family supper. On occasion of Dutch dances, a pot of chocolate and some bread were deemed sufficient refreshments. A *company tea*, however, was 'a perfect regale,' and cakes, sweetmeats, cold pastry, and fruit in abundance garnished a table which also often tempted by a fine array of roasted game or poultry, or, in its season, shell-fish. Clams—called *clippers*—was a favorite food. The tea was served from a large porcelain tea-pot, 'ornamented with paintings of fat little shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs, with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds'—a cherished souvenir of Delft in the dear mother country. The decoction was taken without milk, but a lump of sugar was placed beside each cup, the company alternately nibbling and sipping according to individual relish. Another custom was to suspend an immense lump of sugar by a string from the ceiling directly overhead, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth and prevent unnecessary waste."

The manners of the Southerners on their plantations were quite distinct from those of either Puritan or Dutch. The first few years in all new colonies have necessarily a certain degree of sameness. An enforced rude state of living engenders rude and peculiar

laws. Thus we find decrees in Virginia which strongly smack of New England quaintness. The genial atmosphere of the "Sunny South," so unlike the bleak New England climate, and the entirely different products of the two soils, each requiring its own peculiar mode of culture, served constantly to increase the dissimilarity in character and manners which primarily existed between the northern and the southern settlers. The large plantations of the latter necessitated a numerous train of servants, at first supplied by the apprentices brought over from England; but in time superseded by negro slaves. There being but few books and little education in those early times—



RUINS AT JAMESTOWN.

only a few families being able to send their sons and daughters to England to be instructed—excitement was often sought in bull-baiting, horse-racing, fox-hunting, and cock-fighting. These amusements, looked upon with horror by the Puritans, were not considered at all derogatory to the southern gentleman, who copied his sports from those of the English nobility of that day. The finest of horses were imported from the mother country, at great expense, and the Virginian planter was proud of his well-stocked stables. But the house, too, bore a different character from that of the stern and frugal Puritan, and was even far in advance of the homes of the wealthiest of the Hollanders. A Virginia planter's home was

simply *luxurious*, even for those days. Their mansions were spacious, and dotted at long intervals the bank of some lovely river.

Free, generous, a prince in hospitality, the southern gentleman kept open house to all respectable strangers who might seek food or lodging. "The doors of citizens," says a southern writer, "are open to all decent travelers and shut against none. Innkeepers complain that this is carried to such an extent that their business is scarcely worth following. The abundance of provisions on plantations renders the exercise of this virtue not inconvenient, and the avidity of country people for hearing news makes them rather seek than shun the calls of strangers. The State may be traveled over with very little expense by persons furnished with letters of introduction, or even without them, by calling at the plantations of private gentlemen on or near the roads." It was a delightful termination to a day of weary journeying when the bride was loosed before one of these inviting country homes and the gentlemanly host uttered his courteous welcome. Over the low verandas and balconies climbed, in wanton luxuriance, the yellow jasmine, sweet honeysuckle, or the trumpet flower; the soft air was fragrant with the breath of scented shrubs which sprang from warm, moist earth; everywhere was an atmosphere of delicious languor. Within the dwelling was the same air of repose. The music of the harpsichord was oftener heard than the hum of the spinning-wheel, though the southern matron had, too, her own peculiar round of duties. Black slaves performed all the domestic labors, it is true; but the heart of the kind mistress was mindful of the wants of her large, and, in many respects, dependent household, in which she found sufficient employ. Her articles of luxury and many of her comforts

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A VIRGINIA COLONIST TRADING FOR A WIFE.

were brought direct from England. Ships from Liverpool sailed up the river, and delivered at the private wharf of the wealthy planter the goods of fashionable attire or household elegance which he had ordered from England, receiving in return the tobacco, sowed, gathered, and packed by the negroes on the plantation. Along the Potomac many of the planters had beautiful barges imported from England, which were rowed by negroes in uniform. When they traveled on horseback, they were attended by their black servants in livery. The ladies often took their airing in a chariot and four, with liveried black postilions. A short distance from the family residence stood the kitchen, which, like the laundry, was always separate from the mansion. From its large, open fire-place, presided over by some ancient Dinah or Chloe in gorgeous red or yellow turban, came savory dishes of sweet bacon, wild-fowl, or game. Hot biscuit were served at every meal, and no breakfast was complete without a plate of delicious "hoe-cakes"—cakes made of Indian meal, and baked before the fire, which are as naturally associated with the southern table as pumpkin-pies with the New England board, or doughnuts with the Dutch.



OLD GATE-WAY AT ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.

The earliest English settlement in the South was on the James River in Virginia. It did not flourish, however, and other settlements more prosperous were formed elsewhere. The early colonists were mostly young and unmarried men, some of them even transported convicts, who leased their plantations from the proprietors, and paid their rent in the products of the fields. The need of female society after a time became so great that several ship-loads of girls and unmarried women were, with their own consent, brought over from the old country, to become wives for the men. Their passage-money was paid by those who bargained for them—the younger and more beautiful, of course, commanding a higher price than the widows and less-favored girls. As there

was no money, or but little, in circulation, the price demanded for these women was paid in tobacco. The entire cargo was thus speedily disposed of. Some of the "first families of Virginia" are descended from these purchased wives and transported convicts.

The southern planter, like the roving Merovingian kings of France, had artificers of all kinds in his retinue of servants: tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, smiths, and so on, through all the needful trades of ordinary life. There were ample stables

for the blooded horses, and kennels for the hounds, for the chase was a favorite diversion. Washington was passionately fond of it, and the names of his fox-hounds: Vulcan, Singer, Sweetlips, Music, Truelove, etc., were carefully registered in his household books, the character of some of them giving us a faint hint of an undercurrent of sentiment which in his grave dignity he seldom revealed. On this beautiful Mount Vernon estate, that wonderful man, as careful a proprietor as he was brave general and accomplished gentleman, so watched over his exports that they became noted as always reliable, and it was said that any barrel of flour manufactured from his wheat and bearing his brand passed into West India ports without inspection.



INCONGRUITIES AND ABSURDITIES.

HAZLITT has said that "man is the only animal that laughs." Is it that he is the only one who has a perception of the incongruous; the only one who discerns between what things are and what things ought to be?

The stupid ox may fling his melancholy howling on Autumnal winds, and care nought for the velvet mead, the gold at the gates of the west at sunset, or the limpid loveliness of the mountain stream. The chamois of the Alps crops herbage on precipices where sunbeams dance "o'er icy halls of cold sublimity," and appreciates not the heights and depths of craggy grandeur where he climbs. In being blessed with an appreciation of such harmonies, man of necessity carries a sensitiveness to their contrast and is amazed or amused at the incongruous. It is healthful and helpful at times to study these misadjustments. "Whatever makes a man innocently cheerful," says Bishop Taylor, "does also make him more charitable." "There is a taste for humor which great men are seldom without," writes Dr. Matthew Arnold, and another says: "It is for thoughtful minds that the agency of a cheerful literature is needed."

Of the contrasts with what seems harmonious, we note those superinduced by the changes incident to a lapse of time. In literature this finds an illustration in the growth and decline of languages, for all either grow or decline, from the rudest glucking tongue of the Hottentot, to the smoothest and most analytic.

If a child's fortieth or fiftieth grandmother were to hear it repeating the Lord's Prayer, though done in the best English of to-day, it is possible she might have little notion of what the child was saying, though she spoke the best English in her day. The National German Epic of *Nibelungen* has to be translated for the German of to-day. This naturally implies great and continual changes in form of phrase and methods of orthography, and the antique becomes quaint or queer.

Chaucer is the father of English poetry, the "well of English undefiled;" but one goes through "*Canterbury Tales*" as through the museum of an antiquary. The "*Little Nun*"

"Sang the service divine
Entuned in her nose most sweetly;"

and "to spoken of her conscience," she was as "charitable and as piteous" as you please; but however "well ytaught withal," her phrase and fashion have passed away.

What more charming than the "*Essays of Elia*"? Yet how singular the ingrafting of modern peculiarities on the old English style of Jeremy Taylor, Izaak Walton, or of the times of good Queen Bess! Lamb himself, with

"The troubles strange, many and strange,
That hung about his life,"

is attractive from his peculiarities. His portraits, which make him appear as a hopeless dyspeptic, having just finished a dish of sauer-kraut, and the little twitching, nervous letter underneath, in which he acknowledges himself as "Yours, ratherish unwell," would belie him as a surly companion. One, however, finds him genial and generous, and delights to linger amidst the queer involutions of his thought and style. Take his essay on "*Old China*," which has scarcely to do with crockery at all, but contains a world of philosophy for poor folk calculated to keep them from dashing their happiness to pieces against some one else's brown-stone front, and let the quaint thoughts get in their own way through your brain, and test the delight.

His cousin alludes to a time when they had what so often are mated, literary tastes and passions and lean pockets. She thinks "the needful" has not furnished new delights in proportion to its increase; "a purchase is *but* a purchase, now that you have money enough and to spare. It used to be a *triumph*. When we coveted a cheap luxury, we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the *for* and

against, and think what we could spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon as an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it."

And turning from literature to every-day life the old becomes odd. The powdered wigs of Colonial times, which make Washington at twenty-two look venerable, and Patrick Henry, in the House of Burgesses, appear a patriarch; the ruffled shirt bosom, the brocade petticoat, the big leg-o'-mutton sleeves, the narrow gore skirts, the calash hoods, the shad-belly red or blue velvet coat, the knee-buckles and buckskin breeches; the old fashioned furniture, the side-board with its "flagons and cups and cans and beakers and goblets and basins and ewers," and the old style crockery: the houses with their angles, snuffing, some of Colonial proclivities and some smacking smartly of Republican tendencies, with enormous fire-places, oaken floors, antler's horns for hat-racks, and big hall clocks, standing like sentinels with a face like an owl's,—all these have become odd by the changes which have made them old.

Oliver Goldsmith practiced physic in black velvet, went to be ordained in scarlet breeches, and in his later and better days flourished in plum color and blue silk. Dean Swift was "the parson in a tie-wig," and Irving has given us the old Dutch fashion of the salt-sack breeches, and with bunches at the knees.

The likeness and the unlikeness of the olden time with the new are often strikingly exemplified in the newspapers and other publications in a way to provoke no small amount of humor. One can not recall from what fields of literary browsing he has cropped such morsels as come to him in such a vein of recollection as this; but here is a precious piece of legislation had by the English Parliament in the year of grace 1770, that might be commended to some of our modern legislators as an innocent substitute for much that they impose on the people and with which they mar the statute-book. King George's men enacted:

"That all women of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree, whether virgins, maids,

or widows, that shall from and after such act, impose upon, seduce, and betray into matrimony, any of His Majesty's male subjects by the scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors, and that the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand null and void."

Some years since one of the leading British quarterlies contained an instructive and amusing article on advertisements, a specimen or so of which may illustrate still further the contrast with the present times; or, by a surprising resemblance, where so much has altered, appear equally singular. Take this:

"THAT EXCELLENT, AND BY ALL PHYSICIANS approved, *China drink*, called by the Chineans *teha*, by other nations, *tay*, alias *tee*, is sold at the *Sultaneess Head Cophee House*, in Sweeting's Rents, by the Royal Exchange. London, September 30, 1658."

This probably marks the earliest introduction of a beverage, which, after more than two centuries of use, we are now cautioned against as a "poison."

Here is one which was published in London, the only place where one was published during the reign of Charles, and for fifty years thereafter:

"WE MUST CALL UPON YOU AGAIN FOR a black dog, between a greyhound and a spaniel, no white about him, only a streak on his breast and tayl a little bobbed. It is his majesty's own dog, and doubtless was stolen; for the dog was not born nor bred in England, and would not forsake his master. Whosoever finds him may acquaint any at Whitehall, for the dog was better known at court than those that stole him. Will they never leave robbing his majesty? Must he not even keep a dog? This dog's place (though better than some imagine) is the only place which nobody offers to beg."

In the *Daily Post* of July 7, 1728, is found a challenge, which, would be very strange if it appeared in the newspapers of to-day. It runs thus:

CHALLENGE.—I, ELIZABETH HILKINSON, of Clerkenwell, having had some words

with Hannah Hyfield, and requiring satisfaction, do write her to meet me upon the stage, and box me for three guineas, each woman holding half-a-crown in each hand, and the first woman that drops the money to lose the battle."

Which was answered thus:

ANSWER.—I, HANNAH HYFIELD, of Newgate Market, hearing of the resoluteness of Elizabeth Hilkinson, will not fail, *God willing*, to give her more blows than words, desiring home blows and from her no favor; she may expect a good thumping."

Woman's rights, are these?

But we must not deal harshly with the antique days. All change is not improvement. It may not have been better to spend twenty-seven days in the saddle, between the sea and the Mississippi, nor to "stage it" from New York to Albany in four days, than to go as we do now, but

"We'll take a cup of kindness yet
For auld lang syne."

It used to take seven years to tan a piece of leather, but there were fewer cough compounds needed than now.

Fifty years ago, not one boy in a hundred was allowed to run at large after night, and not one girl in a hundred made a waiting woman of her mother. Spinning jennies were in the parlor, but there were fewer hours spent over questionable trash from fifth-rate novel writers. There were sturdy morals in the quaint, queer past. Our thousands surge to the sea on Sabbath for recreation, but when the little crew of the *May-flower*, after weary weeks of watching and of waiting, hove in sight of the wild New England shore, they cast anchor amidst storm and sleet and refused to enter harbor because it was God's Sabbath. There are noble lessons behind us, and solid worth, too, which has become odd in becoming old.

We do not, however, go to the past for all that is odd. How exquisite are the lessons of nature in grace and proportion, and fitness. The beautiful ivy will cover the wrinkled bark or the angular and bare branches of the old tree, or the moss will grace its age. The snow may cover your flowers, but when the winds toss it, it gives you the most graceful curve known to na-

ture; a thistle blushes for its thorns, and the blue-flag will beautify a swamp. And all over the meadow where the cow collects butter, is scattered the daisy and the daffodil, the butter-cup and the violet. We go to nature to learn art, and combine lightness and strength in our iron structures by corrugated thin plates of iron just as the shell fish is protected by strong corrugated shells.

Any departure from the symmetry and harmony of nature will attract the attention of the trained eye and the cultivated taste. A dirty old bonnet embrowned with years, with a cloud of artificial flowers, inside and outside, without regard to color or proportion will strike those better trained, as odd. But the display of bad taste, and incongruous or monstrous fancies is not confined by any means to those in the lowly circles of society. Riding with liveried servants and splendid equipage, with a maid to hold a babe, while the mother nurses a red-eyed lap-dog is—well as incongruous as other things often met with where false taste has at least the charitable defense of not having had opportunity for pruning and perfecting. Naturalness of life and society is the true measure of harmony, for nature abhors the *outré* as she does a vacuum. Brown and gray and serely yellow blend in beauty in a single leaf, and all over October's bosom the colors coquet like "rare and radiant maidens," but are ever in truest line and shade. The truly natural is not unpleasantly odd.

If the litterateur is cynical at the unwashed mass of the uneducated who offend his sense of harmony, he may recall the many illustrations always at hand of the morbid taste of those affecting letters. The professions have not large area for casting stones at the plebeian for his curiosity to observe the monstrous.

In 1664, we have a book with the title, "A New Invention; or a Paire of Cristall Spectacles, by helpe whereof may be read so small a print that what twenty sheets of paper would hardly contain, will be discerned in one," which was a treatise on civil war. The most diminutive, and also the most unconscionably and unpronounceably long titles have been given to literary pro-

ductions. Some years since a book was published in London with the title, "It," and the walls of the city were placarded with, "Buy It." "Read It." "Order It." "Get It," the like of which is not far to seek in our own day. In 1661, the Naturalist Lovell published a book called "Pan-zoo-log-i-com-i-neralugia." Lorenzo Dow's "Two Hooks and a Swivel," and many others will occur to intelligent readers.

The pulpit has not eschewed the monstrously odd. A minister in Oliver Cromwell's time preached eight hours on "The Dragon's Head," and in 1703 a pamphlet was given to the public, introduced as follows: "The Deformitie of St. Paul Cured; a sermon preached at St. Michael's, Crooked Lane, before the Prince of Orange, by the Rev. J. Cruikshanks. Sold by Matthew Denton, at the Crooked Billet near Cripplegate." The text was, "Every crooked thing shall be made straight." And the Prince before whom it was preached was deformed.

One has not far to go to find fresher and more modern illustrations. "The taking of the Garrison of the Uncircumcised," was announced some while since in a New York *Times*, as a theme for a Sunday morning's discourse by a city pastor, and the invented illustration of a "Dagger," in the "*National Magazine*" of other days, of the preacher discoursing on "There was seen a wonder in heaven—a woman," was scarcely more unpardonable than themes announced for metropolitan pulpits every week. The pandering to such morbid tastes by the profession will scarcely be checked by our satire, so we content ourselves with classifying this species of the odd with that which sends men to see "woolly horses," giants, dwarfs, five-legged cows, dancing bears, itinerant monkeys, and "black swans," or which reads monstrous stories in police gazettes and the New York *Ledger*.

There is, however, large room for illustration of the incongruous in the disagreement between the statement and the historic fact. We recall having read of an English family with great pride of ancestry, whose artistic display of heraldry included a representation of one of their ancestors going into the ark,

with the *family record* under his arm, while in the background was a man shooting snipe with a modern *fowling-piece*. Flint locks and fire-arms are truly of ancient origin!

Perhaps "Hood's Own" furnishes a specimen of humoristic writing that could be classed with this, as it is based on a misconception of the facts which puts the person in an odd case. A traveler has retired in a country inn, after giving orders to be called in time for the stage at four o'clock in the morning. He proposes to sleep fast as "winkin'," and ends his soliloquy with

"Here's a body, there's a bed;
There's a pillow, here's a head;
There's a curtain, here's a light;
There's a puff, and so good night."

In the morning the servant comes thundering at his door to say that the stage has just—gone! But it stops at the other end of the town, at the sign of the Red Dragon, and if he will make haste he may overtake it. He puts his feet into the wrong boots, gives his servant an arm-load of his wardrobe, meaning to dress as he goes. He scolds as he runs, calls for his cravat, declares he could have called himself *too late*; but on reaching the Red Dragon, search reveals no sign of the stage, and, looking at his watch, he finds it but one o'clock in the morning, and the servant only renders the unsatisfactory explanation that, what with calling people for the stage, and waiting on them for the stage, he dreamed that the stage had gone!

Tom Moore, in "Fudges in England," gives another specimen of odd conceptions, because not at one with the facts, when he makes Barney O'Flanigan to conclude his letter to Judy by saying:

"This is all I can sthuff in this bit of a letter, though plenty
Of news, faith, I have to fill more, if 't was twinty:
But I'll add on the *outside* a line, if I need it,
Written '*private*' upon it, that no one may read it."

Of this same class is the singular conduct of absent-minded people. Hogarth, of whom it is said, "other pictures we see, his we read," illustrates this in an absent-minded gentleman, holding an egg in his hand while his gold watch dangles by a gold chain in a pot of boiling water.

Neander, the celebrated Church historian, has been the hero of many a story which made him appear an extremely odd person. On his way to utter burning words to crowds of students in the university, he accidentally came in collision with a cow on the pavement, when, immediately raising his hat, he said, "Beg your pardon, madam," and passed on without discerning that he had not collided with a lady. On another occasion he got one foot in the gutter and the other on the curbstone, and walked thus all the way home, and made his sister send for the physician to see why he limped all the way home, and no explanation was had till a little urchin poked his head in the door and asked why Mr. Neander had walked home with one foot in the gutter.

Horrebon's "History of Iceland" is an old folio volume which may furnish yet one more illustration of the odd. Chapter forty-seven is headed, "Concerning Owls," and the entire chapter may be quoted without unreasonably lengthening our article. It is as follows: "There are no owls of any kind in Iceland." If one writes of what is not, how many chapters may he make!

The Indian title of Eliot's translation of the New Testament was "Wusku-Wuttes-thementum Yul-Lordumun Jesus Christ Huppoqhwussuunenmun." This long word suggests another. Some years ago a pamphlet was published in London which bore this title: "Chrononhotonthologos; the most tragical tragedy that ever was tragedized by any company of tragedians." The opening lines of this effusion, a rhythmic one, were:

"Aldeborontiphoscephornio,
Where left'st thou Chrononhotonthologos?"

We might name another singular title of a work, published in 1661 by Robert Lovell, entitled "Panzoölogico-mineralogia; a Complete History of Animals and Minerals, containing the Summe of all Authors, Galenical and Chymicall, with the Anatomie of Man."

There is still another order of the odd of which we may find striking illustrations in modern literature, where the basis of it is the mysterious. Poe's "Raven" and Cole-

ridge's "Ancient Mariner" are instances of very unique literary productions. We do not know, we are not aware that any body knows, what Coleridge meant, and it is just possible that the whims and vagaries of an opium eater and dreamer are herein preserved. Still we read and we delight to read it:

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'T was sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea.

All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody sun at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water every-where,
And all the boards did shrink,
Water, water every-where,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot; O Christ!
That ever this should be.
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon a slimy sea.

About, about in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water like a witch's oils
Burned green and blue and white."

The odd is often but the "wrong side" of the harmonious and the symmetrical, and may find its uses. It always implies that which is perfect. Mathematics suggest there must be something that is certain; the beautiful and symmetrical more than hint that there must be something which is infinite, and the harmonious teaches us that there must be that which is perfect. We read harmony in the spheres, in the sciences, and in æsthetics, and every peculiarity of our fellows at which we smile, every odd person who affords us amusement, every unique combination of facts which provokes our humor, even the most ludicrous of occurrences, all imply, all point to, the infinitely perfect. And that Infinitely perfect we ought to know, to love, to worship.

AMONG THE THORNS

CHAPTER XXIII.

IT is hard to feel one's blessings come in the track of another's woe, but it is true that no more recuperative and reactionary influence could have come to the Thorns of Thornton than the sorrowful return of Floy. Up to the time of her coming they were sadder and more burdened than they knew. Nancy saw it, and her way of expressing it was, that she "could n't bear to see Miss Patty lookin' so kinder bent out." Tom saw it and said, "'peared to him like Sunday ebery day straight along;" and Rachel saw more than either and said less. She did confide to Silas one morning, as she wiped the cream from her skimmer with a sickle-like movement of her long forefinger, "that the Lord has to fit us to spectacles before we can see our blessin's. Now I never 'sposed I should ever come to a realizin' sense that Clary Thorn, Mr. Dick's wife, could be a blessin'; but she is the greatest massy drop the Lord's let spill over Thornton for one spell. Why, *her fussin's* the only thing, I dew b'leeve, that keeps Miss Patty and Mr. Hugh out o' heaven." Silas listened reverently, as he always did when Rachel condescended to discourse him. She dashed her bowl of cream into a stone jar, pulled forward a fresh pan, and went on. "There's nothin' like small worries that do n't mount to shucks to keep people from bein' all smashed to jelly when there comes tumblin' onto 'em sech mountains o' sorrer', and you can't take any comfort bein' miserable where Clary, is more'n you could be resigned in a wasp's nest. 'Pend upon it, she's a blessin', or any thing else that riles their tempers and keeps 'em from bein' 'saints.'"

Perhaps she was right. Surely they lived more naturally after Clara came, forced to be commonplace whether they would or not. The still and sacred moments when Hugh and Aunt Patience had time to talk, or to report progress in business or in the search that was never forgotten, whatever other

things might be on their minds, were fewer now, though very precious when they came. After Floy's arrival they let all this go, and gave themselves to her comfort as if there were no lost Ruby, no lost fortune, no harassing labor, no village sick or poor. They made her feel she was *theirs*, and they *hers*, and kept all the rest out of sight as much as they could.

Richard followed her every-where with his eloquent eyes, and showed great pleasure in her presence. He had always kept her picture where it could be seen, and he seemed to comprehend her dress and her mournful face; but they did not talk to him about the child. There were changes in him, changes for the better. He was very gentle, but never yet had Hugh felt it safe to talk of the business to him. How severely the business had taxed him no one knew, though its success was all he could hope from the first year. He thought Floy did not realize his absences or his cares, but one day she said in something like her old abrupt fashion:

"Hugh, I have been here two weeks now, and you have never had any rest. You work at night to make up for the hours you spend with me in the day. It is not right. There is money for me now; I do n't need or want it. You are to use it for papa and mamma and all of us. I have heard to-day why Rubetta is gone. Auntie has told me. Money will do-every thing in the world. Let my money find her, I shall never need it." She paused, her voice broke, and the tears came. "I shall never need it for my boy." And she bowed her head and sobbed aloud. It was the first time she had mentioned him, and for days they had not dared tell her about Rubetta, fearing she could not bear another blow.

Hugh's eyes filled with tears, and he kissed her and turned away to answer a call from Rachel. She met him with a great scowl making ravines of wrinkles all over her face.

"Here's another on 'em. I dew declare I'll send Silas to burn down every telegraph pole betwixt here and Boston, 'fore I'll be all stirred up by them things every few days. Do n't give it to Miss Patty, Mr. Hugh. She can't bear many more shocks, and I won't have her sent to heaven by lightnin'."

But Hugh's face was turned to the window, and the tears were standing in most unmanly fashion on his cheeks. Rachel stared, grew red, and at last marched up to him: "Hugh Thorn, do you think I'm a stock or stone to stand here and see you cry and not know what's happened. Give me that 'ere!"

She grasped the telegram from his unresisting hand, and before he could restrain her, she was gone—bursting out upon the piazza with a whoop like a wild Indian, stumbling over a chair, and half bouncing, half falling upon the family, exclaiming: "O me! O my me! I never! I declare I never did!"

"Mercy, Rachel, are you crazy?" said Patience, starting up as Hugh appeared following hard upon Rachel's steps, and trying by pantomime to prevent a shock to Floy.

"No, no, Hugh, do n't you tell. Lem' me, tell. I will anyhow. I will! Yer baby ain't drowned nor dead, Miss Floy, but all alive and kickin,' and"—but she stopped, checked by Aunt Patience's warning glance. Florence had fainted at her feet.

"Now ain't that tew bad? That 's jest me. Poor lamb, I would n't have upstod her for the world; but then, the baby ain't drowned, the baby ain't dead!" and she tore off to the kitchen, running back with the pepper castor and a whisk broom, instead of the fan and the camphor for which she had been sent.

Joy sometimes comes so suddenly with her gift that the heart, too full, shuts 'er gates for a moment before the on-rushing flood. Floy was soon better. She would not, could not, wait for the child to be brought to her, though Hugh said he would go for it. She must go too, weak or strong, she must go too.

And Richard, who had not been allowed to know all her sorrow, yet seemed to take in all her joy. She knelt beside his chair, and he put his left hand on her head at parting, and when she told him she was going to bring her boy, her beautiful little baby boy, he seemed to understand it all, and his eyes gave her the blessing his sealed lips could not speak.

With the name on the little pin, with the child's face before him and the news of the wreck of the steamer which reached him not long after, Lloyd Allan needed no confirmation of his suspicions as to whose child had been borne to him by the sea. Had he needed any thing further, a letter from Graham of the same date as the one to Hugh, announcing Harry's death and the departure of Floy and her son by the ill-fated ship, would have made a certainty of his fears. When, in their joy, they saw the whole purport of Lloyd's message, Hugh answered at once. It read, "Mrs. Field's boy brought safely into St. Augustine by ship *Sea Gull*. What is the fate of the mother?" When Lloyd received the answer: "Safe; we are coming," he communicated the discovery of the boy's relatives, beguiled the old sailor who demurred at any gift into acceptance of something for the mother and the bairns at home, and took the laughing, happy child to his home, where the colored women, from his old nurse, now his housekeeper, down to the least little girl, seemed ready to offer their woolly pates for his rosy fingers to pull.

If Lloyd Allan dreamed to see again the ideal face that pleased his fancy in a picture he was doomed to disappointment. If he, manlike, thought to share with this baby the light of its mother's presence and smile he was mistaken again. There came with Hugh a slender, gentle-voiced, sad-faced woman in black, from whose face had faded all the glow of youth, all the longing for a "good time." A woman who behaved with her baby as she had once done with her wedded joy, as if there was no more of it than she wanted for herself. Why, she even seemed grieved if the boy held out his arms to Lloyd and laughed when he came near.

Poor, overjoyed young mother! it took a little time for her to realize there was any world outside of her own arms. But Hugh told Lloyd this was not strange.

"We must let her heart have its own way, I think. She has been terribly unstrung. Suppose we leave her to herself for a day or two, and go over to the old villa. I want to look about a good deal there, and to have all the time I wish."

Lloyd was rather reluctant, but Florence was quite content. Rachel would have expressed her feeling in characteristic fashion by saying, "A man pairson was a handy 'nuff thing when he was needed, but a dretful thing to have settin' 'round all day." Lloyd was good to keep her boy, Hugh good to bring her to him; but neither of them cared to listen to the cooing and cuddling and endless baby talk with which her own heart overflowed.

During the ride on horseback to the old Thorn plantation Hugh took occasion to ask Lloyd if the villa could be bought back again, and Lloyd told him it had already passed out of his hands, in fact, that at the first it had been bought for Graham, who had bought Marah also, thinking thereby to save her from any scheming of that nefarious agent who seemed resolved to get her into his power. Hugh heard him, inwardly thanking the good Father that Lloyd did not look beyond the *agent* to the real persecutor. He told Lloyd the money his father had received from him had since been traced, and that he wished now to return it, and again was met by the statement that in all that matter he (Lloyd) had been acting only as the agent of Monteith. "So you have all that to settle with him. My fancy is, Mr. Thorn, that if your cousin can be found the estate will work back into your family without any necessity for purchase. No knight ever searched for lost maiden as Graham is searching for Miss Thorn. I know he does it partly for you, but I think, too, he is searching for the future Lady Monteith."

When he began Hugh heard him with a pained, half-indignant feeling at any one's knowing of Graham's love; but as Lloyd ended, the indignation was lost in surprise.

"Lord Monteith! I did not know he bore that title."

"Oh, yes, though he forgets it as far as he can, accepting its duties and ignoring its claims to distinction. Wealth, power, advantage of every kind, are to him only the measure of responsibility. The finest public career is open to him, but he has never yet been ready to enter upon it. I tell him he should take his seat in Parliament, where his influence would be national; and that to diffuse his ideas of benefiting the country among the intelligent and wealthy who could put them in operation is better, than to give his life to carrying them out among a few."

"But he does not agree with you," said Hugh. "He feels that to plead for reforms while the people of his own estates are left as his father left them is the veriest waste of influence. He feels his 'charities must begin at home.' When he has proved on his own estates what can be done, he will be in a position to illustrate while he urges others to their duty."

"Yes, but I would like to see him in his right place, leading and directing other men."

"He is leading all the time, I think, only he never seems to forget, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'"

Lloyd made no answer, but as they rode on in silence he watched Hugh furtively. Had he put his thought in words it would have been, "And this too is a follower of the Nazarene."

The villa had not been neglected, though Lloyd, seeing how profoundly his companion seemed to be stirred by sight of it again, bustled about and pretended he should find enough that needed his supervision and care, to force him to leave Hugh to amuse himself as he could. How grateful he was for the delicacy that left him to wander about by himself! It was so long since he had known a day of rest—a day when things *to be done* were removed at such a distance that it was useless to ponder them at all. And to have the rest here where the very air brought him thoughts of Rubetta as she was in the dear old days was a sad kind of com-

fort, but a comfort all the same. He stood by the graves under the cypress, and though Robert's child was a wanderer, and he had not been able to spare her the hard things in life, yet the temptation that came before Floy was saved did not return. He did not blame himself for his failure, or feel that he could not meet the promise he had made to Uncle Robert. He had done what he could; he would go on doing what he could, and he would leave results in his great Father's hands. Even his Master had to do this. He kept about his Father's business, but though centuries had passed he must be waiting still. Not yet could he say, "I have seen of the travail of my soul, and am satisfied."

In the experience of life we can all look back upon blessed resting-places by the wayside, where we literally lay our burdens off into the hands of the Strong One, who walks beside us, and go on thereafter without seeming to bear them ourselves. Such a halting place, such a day of peace, was this one to Hugh, who ceased to find his cup bitter when he ceased to pray that it might pass. There was shade in his desert, a fountain in his wilderness, wine for his weakness, oil for his wounds, and all came from leaning on the Elder Brother's arm.

Hugh joined Allan at the hotel in the village to dine, and returned to the villa to sleep. Old Pete and his wife still kept guard and lived in expectation that Marah would in time return to relieve them from their charge.

"I's ready, Marse Lloyd. Sure'nuff, I'm only a keepin' of the keys for her," so Pete told Hugh, the sight of whose face delighted him, and loosened his voluble tongue.

"She will not come just yet, Pete," said Lloyd; "but your business is to keep things ready for her."

They sent him off, and the two young men paced the upper veranda together.

"Just here," said Lloyd, stopping suddenly at a window, and parting the vines, "just through here, I looked on the night when that rascally agent struck Marah."

Hugh was all attention.

"I sat here smoking, and I saw the light

and looked in, just in time to see her take the parcels from the cabinet."

"It's a mysterious old cabinet," said Hugh, whose thoughts immediately reverted to the will, the bonds, the missing books and rosary. "I sometimes think it has not been half explored. My Uncle Robert's will was hidden there and some bonds he gave to Marah. Did you see from what drawer she took the jewels, Lloyd?"

"No; she did not open the desk at all. She pushed it from the wall and stooped behind it. She was trying to move it back when the wretch struck her."

Hugh started up.

"Lloyd, I thought there must be more than one secret drawer. I have always wondered how Marah opened the desk, for the keys have never been out of my own possession since my Uncle Robert's will was found. Somewhere there are papers never yet discovered that are of the utmost importance to the family. I know they exist, for Uncle Robert told me of them, told me to keep them till my Cousin Rubetta was old enough to comprehend them."

Lloyd was all interest.

"Well, the old thing always looked ugly to me," said he. "I never liked those old Jesuitical faces peering out from their carved cowls. Let's take it all to pieces, Hugh, panel by panel."

"I would not like to injure it; it is an heir-loom in the Rubetti family; but I should like to be sure for once that I knew all it contained."

It did not take long to transform the desire to effort. Hugh produced the key, and together they tried every drawer, took mental measurements of every space. Yet beyond the empty drawer in which the will had been laid, no opening could be found. They sounded the space with vigorous raps, and all was solid wood. Then they moved it out from the wall. It took their united strength; and they wondered how the poor woman had ever done it alone. But nothing was to be seen or felt save the solid wood of the panels. Baffled and perplexed Lloyd stepped back and stood facing the desk, while Hugh still thumped and shook behind.

"Stop, stop, Thorn! now hit again in the same place. Blessed if I do n't believe those old monks' heads at the corners are alive. I saw them nod their heads, and I think they winked at me, as if to say, 'We know, and we won't tell.'"

Hugh laughed and rapped the more.

"Hit it again, just in the same place. There; I see it. I have the secret, Hugh. Do n't you see those heads crown the top of those square columns, like capitals? They move with the jar. They are meant to come off altogether. Those square spaces are boxes."

With this clue one gave attention to the head itself while the other searched behind for the spring. It was all so easy when once they knew. Only to slip a little, close-fitting block of the wood aside, and the heads slid out of the confining groove, and under each bust was a box. They drew out first books, the same little, worn volumes Hugh remembered so well—the diaries of his Uncle Robert's wife; then the rosary and the crucifix, and the locket marked with its little cross of pearls,—the cross that left its mark on Robert Thorn's dead hand. They searched well, but there was nothing more. Hugh's mind went back to the "story" Uncle Robert had promised him to tell. And when the telling was interrupted, he had offered him the book, and bidden him to keep the story for Rubetta, when she should need to hear about her mother. Hugh had good reason to remember all. The time had come. She needed to know the truth *now*; wherever she was, she was waiting for this knowledge that it seemed to him must be hidden here. But all further search was useless. But these, the treasures over which his boyish soul had been harassed, were at last in his hands.

Lloyd was triumphant, but not curious; and he had a woman's delicacy at bottom of his kindly heart. So he helped push the old cabinet back into its place, gave the old monks' heads a boyish, petulant push, and said he wanted "to go away and have a smoke, and thought he would say good night." As he passed out he asked:

"I wonder what crazy freak ever drove Marah to hide things away there."

But he did not wait for the answer. Hugh answered it to his own satisfaction, knowing Marah as he now did. She hid the books and the locket at a time when her only fear was that Rubetta should be taken away. These relics seemed to her links binding Ruby to Lucia as her mother. She had probably brought the books again and again to Lucia's couch, and knew they contained entries of passing events. She had hidden them from Richard and from Hugh, lest they weaken her own fancied claim to her child, and probably she never intended to keep them from Ruby forever. In the excited and suspicious condition that marked the period after Robert died, she had guarded every thing that would weaken the claim she meant to make if they forced her to a separation from her child.

He could read the book, now, thanks to his Italian studies with Rubetta. But, as he seated himself by the desk and opened them, his joy at finding them was dampened by his disappointment at finding nothing more. He read on and on, in the young wife's tale of her happy wooing, of her marriage in the chapel of the convent near the sea, of her parting from her parents, and her journey to America; of the building of the villa home, and Robert's tender love and care: a simple girlish record, pages full of happy detail, and such as any young mother might have found pleasure in penning for her child. He hurried on, for he wanted to find the portions that told of the child herself; but before he came to them a little exclamation of surprise broke from his lips. He had found it, his Uncle Robert's tale! Lucia had told it in her own sweet tongue as she remembered it, or had written it with the help of the English version which Robert said he had made.

Morning broke dim and cool ere Hugh went to his rest. He had read and thought and planned and prayed all through the solemn night hours, and now he was ready to act. Before Lloyd Allan was down to breakfast he had written to Aunt Patience, and the burden of the note was this:

"I understand it all, dear auntie, as you will when you read the translations I inclose for you, of parts of Lucia's diary and Uncle

Robert's tale. I write it for I can not bear you to wait for me to bring the news. I have resolved to go to Graham myself, and together we must plan more vigorous methods of search. I have tried to do all I could and give to the work of restoring her fortune the time it seemed to need. That work is going on slowly but surely, and I owe to her a higher duty. I know Graham is doing all that one can do to find her, but he too has to work through others. I am going to arrange the business for my absence, and I am going myself to find my cousin. I may do no more than is now being done, but I shall feel more as if progress was made. So, auntie darling, have your parting blessing ready for me, for though I am coming at once to you, I shall not linger long."

Lloyd looked inquiringly at him, for he was very pale after such a night, and Hugh answered his look with

"I have found something important, Lloyd, and I want to get home as soon as possible; as soon, indeed, as Florence can bear the journey."

Lloyd's face fell. He did not want to spare the mother and the boy; but he was not ungenerous enough to show his regret. He did, however, suggest that if Hugh must go, he could bring the others North when Floy was strong; but the proposal did not seem to please her much, though it must be confessed that she felt sorry for him as he closed the door of the carriage after giving the baby a rather violent hug, and the tears came as she offered him her hand in thanks she could not utter.

Hugh sat a long time at his father's side the morning after they arrived at Thornton, and told him many things. He understood the invalid's condition thoroughly, and knew how much of the truth he could bear. He told him first, in distinct, gentle utterance, how the outlay had been stopped, the business contracted and made to prosper. He told him of the profits and the debts, and speaking of the latter he laid his hand on Richard's and named the entire sum taken from Robert's estate. There was a pause. Hugh lifted the wasted hand and kissed it.

Richard's eyes were full of tears. Then he told him how much they could already pay.

"Three items, the villa, the money Marah sent, and Marah herself are in Graham's hands, and that is a great relief. The farms will support us, the factories are doing well as we could hope, and the business is coming on; and Floy is cared for abundantly."

Hugh told him all he could that was encouraging, and when it was done he lowered his voice and said:

"It is *our* work, dear father, *our* work of setting right all that had gone wrong. You are glad it is being done?"

His father only pressed his hand.

"And now to push on faster, father, I have to go away from you for a while."

A startled look of anguish crept up to the pale face.

"Not for very long, father, I trust. Would you not rather have me go than not to see justice done to Robert?"

Again he pressed the hand that he felt had dragged him from the pit, and looked up at Hugh's strong, sweet face.

"I love you so, papa, that I can not rest till the work is done," Hugh whispered; "and I leave you, not alone, no, never alone, for you have God, and—"

"So he was! *Aunt Rachel Huldry Hopkins' darlin' little pinky, winky, pickled toadsey, so he was!*" broke upon their ears, and Rachel appeared, tossing the astonished baby, with a swing of her long arms, straight into Richard's lap.

"See, papa," said Floy, following close behind, "I have brought you my boy, to make up for the loss of yours. He was asleep last night, so I did not show him. I wanted you to see him at his best."

The child gave a rejoicing little gurgle, in true baby fashion, and buried both his hands in Richard's whitening hair.

"You see, papa, you must bring my boy up, and take care of us all while Hugh is gone. Think, there is no other man to protect us. You will take of them all, won't you, father?"

Richard lifted his tearful eyes a moment to the sky, as if asking help of the God to whom Hugh left him, and hid his face

on the baby's head and held him tight to his breast.

Hugh lost no time in the progress of his rapid preparations at the mills and on the farm, where, under his energy and executive ability, things speedily took the desired shape. And at night when he came back after the day's exciting labor, he was to Florence the strong arm of comfort on which she leaned, to his mother a real mother in tenderness and tact, and to his father the boy Hugh, or the strong man of business, whichever he seemed most to need. Aunt Patience alone knew his weariness and pain, and the two were very near together in that subtle, inward comprehension that needs no words. When the hour of parting came they all tried to be brave, but Rachel's face was all tied up in double-bow knots, and his mother remarked submissively, that "She thought the voyage would have done *her* good if she could have been spared." He looked around for Aunt Patience, but she was not in sight.

"Reckon she did n't want to say good-bye," said Rachel; "guess I would n't pester her about it; no use herrerrin' her feelin's since it won't keep ye to hum."

Hugh waited as long as he dared, and then telling one of Silas's boys to come to the station for his horse he rode slowly and reluctantly away. They had not mentioned the sea, but they all feared it nevertheless, remembering how it had treated Floy and the child. His last glance showed him his father's invalid's chair on the porch with Florence standing beside it, and between them the beautiful boy, while Rachel hastily took the corner of her apron from her eyes and waved it in the air. And the child laughed as if it were all play, and the man rode on wishing his work were done, and his face set homeward again.

It was a very sad face by the time he took the train, but, as he moved down the car to his seat, a hand was laid upon his arm, and he looked down surprised into the face of Patience Thorn.

"O auntie, how good you are to me!" he said, as he took the seat beside her, "to spare me these long hours alone."

"I am really running away with you, for I could not tell your mother I was coming, without making her unhappy, and there were so many things to say and to arrange, that I could get no chance to tell."

"True, auntie; I thought I should have to write you on the train and send it back to night; but this is far better." But as if the group at the door came back to his mind, he asked, "How will they ever get through the day without you?"

"Oh, I have arranged all that. Rachel knows, and I shall leave you at the Junction and be home before night. They will not look for me till lunch, and I *could* not let you go," she said, giving his hand an affectionate squeeze under her shawl.

So they had that comfort all to themselves—long hours of converse, and then a parting at a crowded junction, amid hurrying people and trundling trucks of luggage, and banging of boxes, and ringing of bells, and whiz of escaping steam, and hungry men devouring doughnuts and pie, and selling of peanuts and crying of babies. Heavens! what a time and place for parting. Yet in the midst of it all, two souls stood in solemn silence a moment in a mighty invisible presence, which blessed them both, and sent *him* forth as true a knight as ever buckled armor for a grand crusade, and sent *her* back as sweet a saint as ever fed altar fires or tended lamps before a shrine.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"DID it ever occur to you that we have been pursuing a wrong course from the outset?" asked Hugh Thorn of Gray Monteith, as they passed down Piccadilly one morning in early May.

"Do you mean in attempting to conceal from Ruby the fact that we are searching?"

"Yes; she must feel we never tried, perhaps, that we never cared to try. One grows morbid under painful conditions, and I think, perhaps, it would have been better for her to know we wanted to find her, even if it gave her opportunity to evade us."

They moved slowly, the younger man leaning on the other's arm, while a stout walking stick still further aided his pro-

gress. They were so engrossed in each other that Monteith forgot to return the nods of his acquaintances, who turned all the more to take another look at his companion. But for the halting step, they might have gone far to find a nobler form and face. All the close labor, all the work with his hands which he had done, sometimes because it needed to be done, and sometimes because the laborers worked better for a "boss that w'ar'n't afeared to buckle right deown tew it," had only helped him to fulfill the promise of his youth.

As they crossed to walk on the side shaded by the trees of St. James's Park, a carriage wheeled past, and a lady leaning forward recognized one of the pedestrians with a gracious bow—"Why, it is Lord Monteith," she said, turning to her companion. "I have no patience with the man. If I had known he was in town I would have asked him for to-night; but Lady Monteith told me he had taken the strangest freak. This is the second season now that he has not come up to London at all. I am indeed annoyed, for there is no one I would like better to show you." She was so full of her own thoughts that she did not notice the colorless face of her companion, who was leaning forward and following the retreating figures with her eyes.

"See how like a soldier he walks," she added; "is not his bearing superb?"

"Yes; but who is his companion?" asked the other; "he seems to be lame."

"I do n't know; indeed, I hardly saw him. It's never easy to guess who Lord Monteith's companion may be. He might go arm in arm with any peer of the realm; but he would just as soon give his arm to a lame beggar or a tipsy workman, if they needed his support. He is the strangest fellow, full of fancies and freaks. Lady Monteith has done her best to make him like other people, but he is well-nigh incorrigible."

"But in what way does he differ from other men, Laura?" asked the lady by her side, the color creeping slowly back to her cheeks; but she asked more to keep the other talking than as if she cared to know.

"Well, the family is Scotch, and he seems

to have inherited the sturdy pertinacity of generations. We always knew them as great patrons of art and artists; that is, long ago before papa was famous or stood well where he does now, among the aristocracy. And they have some of his earlier work and have always come to us a good deal, and papa has been to them, both in Scotland and in —shire for the shooting. Graeme Castle—his mother was a Graeme—is one of the most charming old places; but Lord Monteith leaves the enjoyment of it to his younger brother, and spends his time among the manufactories and the mines. He has very peculiar views, and would just as soon be in trade as not, actually makes money by merchandising, and then spends it in schools and hospitals and night teachers and model dwellings and nurses and chapels and all that."

"What a marvelous life to live," said her companion. "Think of being helpful to so many human beings! Why, he must share the same sort of joy God knows!"

Her companion stared. Was she crazy, this beautiful woman at her side, that her eyes and cheeks were all aglow with the joy that such a work was being done? "Do you not agree with me?" asked eyes and lips together.

"Why, no, how can I, Signorina Mia? I never could see why people should go out of their way to do such very extraordinary things. It's much nicer, I'm sure, to behave like other people and not half the trouble—but here we are," as the carriage rolled into Regent's Circus, and stopped before Swan & Edgar's. "Will you come in my dear, or sit in the carriage? I shall be gone only a moment." She crossed the pavement and an instant later darted back, and putting her piquant face in the carriage window, said, "They are coming now. You will have a good look as they pass." Whether she lingered purposely longer than she needed, we do not know, but, when she turned, they were so close upon her that they could not avoid a meeting. Monteith hastened to greet her, presenting his friend.

"Only in town for the day, my Lord? Well, you certainly are treating your old

friends most unkindly. No time for frivolities; not time for a quiet dinner, or a little party at the house of people who are pining to have you come." The lady in the carriage did not hear the answer, but her friend went on.

"Come now, stay just for to-night. We are going to have a few friends and you do not know what you will lose. It is the last night and the Signorina del Spina is to be with us, and all London is wild to see her."

"Behold what a savage I am," said Monteith; "but for the raving of the morning papers over yesterday's opening I should not know the Signorina existed."

"For shame! and you a lover of art! My father is already aggrieved at your neglect of us; but he would be past reconciliation if I should tell him that."

"Then there is all the more reason why I should not present myself before him, if my ignorance would bring down his wrath. Tell me something of this wonderful artist that I may have wherewith to make my peace."

"I am tempted, indeed, to leave you in heathen darkness, and shall only tell you in hope of rousing your interest, and keeping you for one evening. But where can you have kept yourself these ages since we saw you, and that you have not heard what is on every body's lip?"

"I have been at my art studies too, my friend, I assure you, only in a more realistic school than yours. My models are found in real life."

"I was sure of it. Papa is right in saying you are pauper-mad. But now see what you lose. Yesterday the London Exhibition opened, and so great was the eagerness to see the work of this young Italian artist, whose picture in the *salon* created a *furor* in Paris, and whose fame preceded her hither as the rising star in the art world, that royalty itself would not wait for a private exhibition, but came on Artists' Day. Yes, princes of the blood royal and princesses too, among the critics and the press-men, to see the wonderful picture."

Monteith, who had enjoyed the vivacious talk of the lady, and Hugh, who had listened much amused, were genuinely interested

now, and their faces grew serious as she went on:

"And now I shall tell you no more, only that my papa receives to-night many distinguished guests to welcome this artist to London."

"Does he admire her work?"

"Yes, so much that I have no peace of my life that I who am not a genius is his daughter, and this young woman is not. But I must not stay here; you will come to-night and bring Lady Monteith, will you not? If royalty comes down from its throne to see the work you can certainly change your plans for such an attraction as the artist herself," and she disappeared indoors leaving them to continue their promenade.

"I really deserve the reproof she gave," said Graham, as they pursued their walk. "I have left the gay society world of London almost entirely these later years. My time is so full, my duties so engrossing, and when I do come up I find so many things to do that are directly connected with my work."

"Yet you should not separate yourself from your own class. You should surely give your life some recreation."

Graham flashed a quick look upon him.

"Do you?" he asked.

"No; but it is different. I have no rank, no high social duties, no influence to maintain."

"But we both have the constant thought of Rubetta, Hugo. If we find her, then I shall be ready," he paused, and then added in a lower tone, "ready for any thing that she can share with me, but—"

"Shall you go to the house of your friend to-night?" interrupted Hugh.

"I want to take you to my mother, and if she wishes to go, then I must. Before Sir William, Miss Laura's papa, was famous, or had been knighted, he painted the Græne portraits, and my mother did a good deal to bring his pictures into notice. Unfortunately they are people of the uncomfortable sort that can not forget any kindness, and they are after us as soon as they know we are in town. You would see a good many celebrities there, for Sir William likes to show a new lion, and this lady is worth

exhibiting if I am to trust my enthusiastic friend."

"Do you remember the artist's name?"

"No; but we must run in and see the picture."

Lady Monteith gave Hugh a warm welcome, evidently grateful for any thing that brought to her her son.

She was gray-haired and stately, and full of an admiring tenderness toward Graham that made Hugh think of a motherly face he had left behind. She called him Gray, and said "to be sure she should like to go to Sir William's, if by that means she could keep her son in town."

They dined at home, and after dinner Gray hurried Hugh off to meet a man who had just returned from a tour of investigation, and to meet whom they had come up to town. When the carriage came round they had not returned, and his mother was about to send it away, when a messenger came telling her they had been detained longer than they intended, and if she would go on, they would join her later in the evening.

In the morning when the two gentlemen strolled on, turning into Oxford Street and disappearing in the crowd, did no subtle suggestion come to either that they were near the object of their search? That the face watching from the carriage their every look, word, and gesture was the one they most longed to see? She strained her vision till all trace of them was lost in the throng, and her lips quivered and her eyes filled with tears. Here they were together, the two whom she loved best, and Hugh looking so handsome and brave and strong.

And she was still alone. She shut her eyes tight over the fast coming tears lest her friend should see she was disturbed. But Miss Laura had no such thought, and chatted gayly as they drove home of her effort to secure the two gentlemen for the party of the evening.

"Will they come?" asked Rubetta.

"Oh yes, I think they will. I told them what they would miss if they failed to do so. They only came up to London this morning, and had not even been yet to see

your picture. I told Lord Monteith not to dare appear before papa until he had seen it, and I raved so about it and you that I have no doubt they have gone directly to the exhibition. But, my precious Signorina, I have wearied you beyond all pardon by dragging you about when you should have been resting."

"No, no; the drive was good for me, but I confess I am weary. These days in London have been exciting, and with your permission I will rest before dinner."

"Yes indeed, poor child. Papa will say I have talked you to death, and he will not be far from right, I fear."

Rubetta smiled and shook her head; but the color did not come back to her face, and she went wearily up the staircase to the rooms placed at her disposal in the great artist's home.

Marah came forward, and with her own hands removed the wraps, and with looks of tender solicitude persuaded her to try to rest. She darkened the room, threw a shawl over her as she lay on the sofa, and then with softest touches loosened and began to smooth the long, shining waves of her hair. This office always made Marah happy, and in her weariest nights had always had a soothing influence upon the girl. Ruby turned her face to the wall and shut her eyes, and Marah watched her with a gaze so full of longing tenderness that it almost made itself felt to Ruby through the closed lids.

"You need not be troubled, Marah," she said, patting the hand that smoothed her hair, as she used to do when a little child. "I am tired and sorry I came to London at all. I would not have come if I had not heard that Harry was dead, and feared poor Florence might be here all alone."

"But you would never have realized how much they like your picture then."

"Why should I care for that, Marah?" she said, sadly. "There is no one to be glad but you and the dear old Professor Baume, and you would have loved me just the same and thought it beautiful if the critics had condemned it utterly."

"I often feel as if your papa cared, Ruby.

He taught you at the first, and I always thought you inherited the taste from him."

Rubetta opened her eyes wide and gazed at Marah in undisguised astonishment. It was the first, the very first acknowledgment Marah had ever given in all this time that she was Robert's child. Even now she could not tell whether it had been done inadvertently—a careless slip of the long guarded tongue, or whether it was the involuntary offer of the best remedy she knew for Ruby's loneliness. Marah was always hurt if Rubetta seemed to feel herself as set apart, having no ties, no claims on any one, and yet she had never tried this kind of soothing before. As their eyes met, Marah's fell, and Ruby checked the cry that rose to her lips,

"Oh was he *not* my papa? Tell me truly did I not belong to him?"

Again and again had the cry arisen to her lips, but she never yet had spoken it, for to ask it was to admit to Marah a doubt, and her fear of the answer was strong enough to keep her dumb. She let it pass as if Marah had said nothing, saying:

"I think we will go to-morrow, Marah; I have stayed longer than I meant, and have been half sorry I allowed Sir William and his daughter to know we were here."

"But I thought you were fond of them in Italy. You could not come to London and fail to see them."

"So I was, and I have had delightful hours with him, and owe much to his instruction. Probably I owe as much to his favor as to any merit in my picture for the notice it receives, and I want to be grateful; but Marah, I want to go back; I am so tired of it all. I wish the morning was here, and I could go at once."

"Well, childie, we will go, then, and I will be making ready while you try to sleep."

She was glad to be left alone, but too restless for sleep. Since the time when she took the step that separated her from all that was dearest, there had never been such a conflict in her spirit as to-day. She had seen times when her longing and regret overswept for a period her consciousness of having done the

best she knew at the time. She had given herself to the study of art with a feverish strength and found in the pursuit a great delight. Almost from the first she found quick recognition of her power on the part of the other artists, and now the public voice awarded her the meed of well-earned praise.

Professor Baume did not scruple to make the home in Paris or in Florence, as the needs of his pupil required, and it was in the former city that her work first attracted the attention of the great English artist, Sir William Burt. Between Sir William and the Herr Professor there sprang up the friendship founded on mutual recognition of genius and a mutual interest in the young pupil of whom Baume was so proud. Later, when Sir William was in Florence, he sought them out directly, and in every way inspired the young artist to most strenuous exertion. As the Spring drew on to Summer the whole party went to Perugia, dwelling there upon the hill-tops, with a world of wondrous beauty spread out on every side, descending occasionally to Sienna or to Florence, for that in art which nature could not supply. If nature ever made a simpler hearted old artist than the old German Baume, it was the old Briton, Burt, and if nature ever made a more affectionate, commonplace woman to take care of a simple old genius than Frau Baume, that woman was Laura Burt. The artists united in admiring the pupil, the women united in adoring what the artists admired. So among them all Rubetta had a very fair chance of being spoiled. Both the old men agreed that it was a great pity when her picture found admittance to the Salon, and said all sorts of things to convince her it was a very crude piece of work, the critics to the contrary, notwithstanding. But she noticed they were quite ready she should offer the next for the London Exhibition, and were well pleased with its reception.

Now, they said, they "would admit there was a *chance* of her becoming an artist, if she did not make the mistake of supposing herself one, already." "Her promise has been recognized. If she does not confound it

with achievement she may do a good work yet for art."

Sir William wanted her in London, but she did not decide to go until after she saw, in an English journal, an announcement of the death of Harry Field. Then she felt she must see Floy, if she was now in London and alone. Acting on this impulse she persuaded the old professor to take her on to London.

She came too late. Florence was already gone. When she learned this she would have returned at once to Italy with Baume, but her friends would not let her go. Bitterly she repented now, as she lay where Marah had left her, that she had not gone back with him, and rapidly she questioned her heart for a way of escape from the meeting before her. She was worn and weary enough truly, to plead illness; but she dared not so disappoint the dear old artist, who was, as she very well knew, anticipating an evening of great pleasure in presenting her to his friends. There was no way of escape. She must meet Hugh, and much as she longed for this, she was yet so unjust to him as to doubt if he would be equally glad to meet her. She forgot, for the time, that her separation from them had been voluntary, and felt if they had *wished* to find her, they could have done so at any time. Her life had not been one of concealment. She had gone freely with Marah or with her master anywhere that her student needs required. She had sat and painted in galleries where the tourist throng surged through day after day. True, when she offered her first picture she had signed her name "Una del Spina," partly because the Herr Professor and the dear old Frau Baume called her "Una," and partly because she had a lingering fear, first about the admission of her picture, and next about her right to the name she had always borne. It was never meant as a disguise, and as such would have been transparent indeed, for did it not announce the very fact it seemed to hide, that the artist was "One of the Thorns." She felt that, at home, they must have been convinced ere this that she had read her history aright, and that she had never belonged to

them. Otherwise they would certainly have sought her out. When Professor Baume had finished the picture of the Sibyl, which he had done during a visit they had made to Iechia, and had sent it on to its purchaser, and Monteith's answer had come saying it was "more beautiful than he dared to hope," she had read and re-read again and again the few words, fancying she could find in them some trace of his heart toward her. But there was nothing there, save the polite letter of acknowledgment of satisfaction in the work, yet to her there was the comfort that he had touched the letter, that his hand had traced the lines. She had told him it was "farewell and not *au revoir*," and yet it was only in times of extreme consciousness of Marah, that she had *believed* it was "farewell." She was young and she loved him, and she could not but dream of a day when they would meet again. But, now, waiting there alone in her bitterness for the meeting she dreaded to come, the fact that the "farewell" was a reality came to her with overwhelming vividness and force. To her excited imagination the very title he bore took a separating significance and power to remove him far away. Then he had forgotten her, for now there was a "Lady Monteith." He had married some lady of his own nation and rank, and probably long ago accepted as truth the fact that she was the child of a slave. He loved Hugo still, she could tell that by the tenderness with which he supported his steps and gazed down into his eyes; and Hugo, too, he must have forgotten her also. By the bitterness of her disappointment she was able to measure the degree of hope she had cherished; by her dread of the meeting she measured her longing for it; by the sudden, sickening revulsion in her own nature against her art, she knew how she must have wrought into her work her love and longing and thought for them. To go down and see them and hear them talk of her picture, it was more than she could endure, and yet it must be done.

The saddest experience that can come to a nature capable of heroism is not failure, but the slow, dull conviction that the sacrifices made have not been at all worth while.

To such a soul no outward affliction ever equals the torture it can inflict upon itself. For almost the first time Ruby realized that she need never have allowed her conclusions concerning her parentage to run in advance of evidence, that it would have been far better to assume that she *was*, than that she was *not* Robert's child. To flee once seemed to her the height of heroism, it now seemed the height of folly and cowardice, and an acknowledgment of shame. She deserved all that had come to her and she must get up and face the penalties of her own mistakes. Marah fitted in and out and Rubetta was conscious the time was passing. Poor Marah, she was restless as dumb animals are when they see their offspring suffer, and she always watched afar off when she saw Ruby in mental pain; indeed, at such times she seemed to detect that Ruby found it hard to have her near, and it that took all her self-control and sense of right to make her willing Marah should touch her.

There is nothing so hard, when we are under the weight of our own sorrows, as the imperative duty of whatever kind, that forces us to arise and go on. Yet, hard as it is, that is a merciful necessity that drives the sorrowful soul away from itself. "Thou shalt not eat thine own heart," was an Oriental precept that Robert had chosen for Ruby, and he showed he knew her nature by the choice. Her art had saved her from feeding on herself, till now, and yet not her art alone. There was hidden in her heart another line that said, "In God only is there security and repose." She thought she had tested this in still hours, in her studio, in days on the Campagna, when her pencil sought to catch the light on the far-off Alban hills, and the slopes of Frascati, and her soul sought to know the repose of the Invisible Presence that seemed to wrap her about like a cloud. She thought she had tested it when, in the fields or among the ruins, or by the sea, or in the shadowy aisles of dim old churches, she had found herself telling out sometimes on bended knees every aspiration and thought and hope to the same Invisible One—and yet,

she felt this afternoon that she had not in reality known what it was to have "God alone, God only." So long as her heart kept its dreams of restoration and home and love and joy and triumph in art, she had not "God only." Now she would find out if in Him of every truth *was* "security and rest." Now she would have a chance to know if hers had been only the beautiful sentiment of faith, such as is often stirred in æsthetic temperament, or if it was a vital living thing. She did not rebel, but she shrank from the words that had been such a comfort to her; but more because Monteith had given them first to her, than because she doubted if they were true.

The evening wore on until a late hour, it was as brilliant an assemblage as Sir William hoped to see, and his young guest was as beautiful and as bright as he could wish. He was as proud of her art as if he had bestowed it upon her, and as proud of her beauty as if it were a part of her art. It delighted him to see the interest she aroused, and he treasured up the comments of his friends to detail to her unwilling ears, enjoying her discomfiture the while. As the evening wore on and the faces she feared to meet failed to appear she gained composure, and was able to be more like her brightest self. For a moment she had even forgotten her fears and was talking brightly to a group near the door, when she heard distinctly pronounced near her the name of "Lady Monteith." She did not raise her eyes until Sir William's cheery voice said, just at her side, "Here she is, my Lady," and before she knew it she stood face to face with—the woman who had won Graham's heart—no with the handsome, haughty face, with its coronet of gray hair, that years ago Graham had left "to take care of her" in the dingy room of a Virginia hotel. The flash of recognition, the sudden inward sense of relief from the dread and terror of meeting she knew not what—sent smiles to her lips and eyes.

"I am bewildered," said the elder lady, still holding her hand. "I have surely seen the Signorina. Tell me, where have we met before?"

But before Ruby could say she did not remember having met her, Laura came up demanding to know "Why Lord Monteith had not accompanied his mother."

"Some business engagement detained him and his friend, and it is now so late that I doubt if they come at all. But he shall look in to-morrow to pay his respects, Miss Burt."

But at this instant some one claiming Laura's attention the subject was dropped, and Rubetta had opportunity for a little conversation with the stately old lady to whom she was indebted for such a lightening of heart as she had felt could never come again.

The night wore on. One by one the guests departed, and Lady Monteith's carriage was announced and Graham had not come. When she reached her home in Portland Square they had not yet returned, but they came in almost directly after.

"I was really very sorry, mother, but I had not planned to stay up at all, and came up to-day specially to see this man, who, as I failed to go at the hour appointed, had gone out, and I had to find him or give another entire day. I will call on Sir William to-morrow."

They chatted for a few moments.

"Yes, the artist was beautiful and young and gentle and refined and well worth knowing; but, Gray, where have I seen her? I am sure we have met her. Yet, she tells me she has never been in England before; and I surely have not been in Italy since she was a child."

"Some chance resemblance, probably. The type of beauty you describe is not an unusual one," said Graham; for his mind was too full of something else to admit of more than a passing interest in the stranger.

He stooped and kissed her as he opened the door for her to pass out; the two turned at once to the subject upon their minds.

Graham had sent a trustworthy man to Italy, to ascertain all that could be known of the ancient Rubetti family, hoping in that way to discover not only facts of Lucia's life, but to ascertain if Ruby had ever taken refuge with any of them. He had brought

back news that both father and mother of Lucia were long since dead, the decease of both having occurred at a later date than that of Lucia. The old house by the Tiber, near the Palazzo Farnese, was nominally in the hands of the Church. So also was the old convent near Sorrento; but the revenue of the villa at Perugia was still paid to La Sorella Bernardina, now the Lady Superior of the Convent. Naturally it was suggested to Graham's mind, as he listened, that this, also, as certainly, if less directly, benefited the Church all the same, though the man assured him he had seen the agent in whose hands the villa was placed for rent. He had told him it was divided into suits of apartments, and occupied exclusively by artists and their families, who engaged their rooms from year to year, though they only occupied them from April to November. He had secured the names of the tenants, for some years past, and Graham noticed among them that of his friend, Sir William Burt. He found, also, that Professor Baume had had his Summer studio here, and further down the list for that same year, appeared the name "Del Spina."

"Can that be the lady whose picture is on exhibition, here?" asked Graham.

"No, her father, probably; a lady would hardly take a studio there alone."

They talked late and long over the information gained. It was only important as showing one thing over which Hugh looked very serious, namely, that Robert Thorn, knowing the reluctance of Lucia's father to having his property go to the Church, had yet never claimed it for his child. Or if he had inherited it himself, some adverse influence had been brought to bear to keep him from transmitting the fortune to his child. If it was hers, steps should be taken to secure it even now, and Hugh went to his rest thinking how glorious it would be if he could be the means of restoring her, not only what his father had used, but what her mother had left as well.

He passed the midnight hours in a long letter to Aunt Patience, in which he gave all needful attention to business, and remembered lovingly each member of the

household at the farms, and then, closing that sheet, he added one for Aunt Patience's eye alone, upon which he poured his very heart. It was a full sheet, and it ended thus:

"When I see Graham's glorious life with its wondrous opportunities and far-reaching influence; when I realize what he has to offer her, and think of what my life must be,

a long stretch of great endeavors and great economies, I rejoice as I never thought I could, that for her is waiting something so much better than I can give. With him, she can attain to the fulfillment of all her highest possibilities. To share my life would have been to share labor and pain and atonement. So it is well as it is."

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

VERY startling was the vision which appeared to Belshazzar and his courtiers when, at their feasting and mirth, on the walls of the Babylonian palace, the fingers of a man's hand were seen writing mystic letters. These letters, though distinctly visible—illuminated by the light of the seven-branched golden candlestick, taken from its sacred shrine in Jerusalem, and employed with the other Jewish regalia to dignify this pagan revel—were in an unknown tongue, and none of the wise men in the kingdom could interpret them.

But not alone in terrible omens and supernatural visions do we see the divine handwriting. To thoughtful men on every wall by the wayside appear mystic letters of profound significance. The hand itself is unseen behind the veil of nature; we can not catch the fingers in the act of tracing the characters; and the light by which we behold them is only the common light of day. But the words are, nevertheless, formed clear and distinct upon the stones of the wall, and they remain as if graven with a pen of iron.

Botanists are familiar with a peculiar genus of lichen called *Opegrapha*, from the resemblance which the fructification of all its species bears to written characters. On the surface, which is a thin white tartareous film, closely adhering to the stone or to the bark of a tree, bordered by a line of black like a sheet of mourning paper, are numerous dark intricate lines, like Arabic, Hebrew, or Chinese letters. The likeness in some instances is remarkably close; and it would not be difficult to pick out combinations of lines which, by a very little stretch of fancy,

might be identified by a scholar as the words and letters of an Oriental language. Nature has thus mimicked in almost every wood, and on almost every rock and wall, the latest and highest result of man's civilization; and in her humblest plant-forms has written her wonderful runes. But though it can be literally said of only one genus that it imitates the handwriting of man, it can be said in the highest sense of the whole family of lichens that they are God's handwriting on the wall. We have in these lowly plants—so lowly that most people overlook them altogether, and the few who do give them a moment's notice regard them as weather-stains or purposeless discolorations without any form or comeliness—the certificate of the hand of God, as truly as in the noblest trees of the forest and the loveliest flowers of the field. He has written his own signature on these minute and unregarded pages of nature by signs and ciphers which those who have made a special study of this department of God's works—the prophets and interpreters of nature's "open secret"—can read as easily as the prophet read the mystic letters on the palace wall of Babylon. How small a key opens the great gate of the Temple of the Universe! By the study of a lichen or a moss one can understand more clearly the mystery of the world. With this magical "sesame" we enter the kingdom of life and inherit its vast treasures.

Let us try to spell out a few of the most obvious lessons contained in the divine epistles written on every wayside wall, so that he who runs may read. Lichens form the

nebulae, so to speak, of the firmament of life. The mystery which distance gives to the stars that appear on the remotest verge of space, the extreme simplicity of their structure gives to these plants. That faint gray organic film which spreads in a circular shape over a stone seems more like the nebular mist out of which plants might be formed than a veritable plant itself. It can hardly be distinguished from the stone, sharing in its utter passivity. It is as hard and dry, and seemingly as lifeless. Watch it day after day, and there is no motion, no change of any kind. For years and years it continues the same. There is something that appeals powerfully to the sense of wonder in this perfect repose—this dormant suspended existence, hovering continually on the borderline between the mineral and the vegetable world. A spell as of some natural enchantment has passed upon it, condemning it to a perpetual hibernation. Only at rare intervals is this spell broken, and the seeming mineral awakens to a sense of its higher life. When all other kinds of vegetation are asleep or dead the lichen bestirs itself—fills its dry cells with sap from the very bosom of the storm and the snow wreath, softens and expands, and makes whatever growth it is capable of. The season that blights and destroys all other life is most favorable to its well-being, and it looks its brightest when nature around is most desolate.

Lichens are in the ocean of air that covers the dry land what sea-weeds are in the ocean of water that covers the depths of the sea. All the usual parts of plants—root, stem, foliage, and blossom—have disappeared in them, or been drowned out of existence by a flood of unfavorable conditions above which no green leaf emerges. The seed of vegetable life, instead of rearing a storied structure, rising high above the influences of gravitation, and spreading its green tent in the Summer air, creeps close to the naked rock, and spreads around itself in a series of circular waves, like the ripples caused by a stone thrown into a pond. This infancy of vegetation can not forego its hold of the ground; it clings closely to the bosom of its mother earth. But in these tiny arks that

carry the spark of life floating on the surface of a dead physical world, we find a miracle of contrivance. Marvelously are they adapted for their situation, and for the work they have to do. They grow where no other vegetation could exist—where the pulse of nature has almost ceased to beat. On lofty mountain summits below the snow line, where hard quartz rocks look like white teeth fiercely clinched against the polar blasts; in arctic and antarctic wildernesses, where the snow is driven back for a few weeks by the ardor of the Summer sun, leaving the ground brown and bare, as if scorched by fire; in lonely islands far in mid-ocean, scalped by all the winds of heaven; on barren, rocky shores exposed to the bitter breath of the salt waves, that look like a fringe of death between the fertilizing sea and the cultivated land: in such desolate places these forlorn hopes of the vegetable kingdom do their brave work.

They have no struggle of life with their kindred as in higher types of plants, the stronger exterminating the weaker; but they have a still direr strife with the elements. They are cast upon the merciless inhospitalities of inorganic nature, alternately scorched by the sun and nipped by the frost, buffeted by the wind and drenched by the rain; and yet He whose tender mercies are over all his works takes care of them. He has given to them a structure and a mode of life admirably suited to the circumstances in which he has placed them. The round shape of all lichens is the best for security. It is the form of rest, so suitable for plants that are often placed in unfavorable circumstances—where growth must be by fits and starts, and where their whole work must often be simply endurance. It is the form that makes the strongest resistance to the elements, for it gives a maximum of contents with a minimum of exposure, and all its points are perfectly balanced and proportioned—equally related to one point and to one another. The material, too, of which lichens are composed is a special provision for their long periods of inaction and repose. It is chiefly starch—akin to the substance which enters so largely into seeds, bulbs, and

and other parts of plants that have ceased to display any vital action. This starch covers over and preserves the fire of life, as a common household fire is covered over and kept in by its own ashes. In dry weather it continues unchanged, and gives the lichens the gray, hoary appearance which usually distinguishes them; but when the rain comes it expands and softens and assumes a greenish appearance, like that of the brown seed when it germinates and forms the blade. For their alternate periods of rest and activity—growth and torpor—lichens are thus wonderfully provided both by their circular form and starchy substance.

And thus furnished they act as the pioneers of vegetation, climbing the bare crag and penetrating into the lonely wilderness, and planting there the flag of life. On the coral island that has just appeared above the surface of the ocean; on the stream of lava that has just cooled as it reached the lowest point in its descent from the volcano, on the cliffs that have been sculptured into smoothness by the recent passage of the glacier, lichens form the beginning of organic life—the first colonies of vegetation. No sooner does a boulder or rock rise above ground than it is covered with their gray patches. These disintegrate the rock and form a soil in which higher plants can subsist; and by and by lichens give place to moss and grass, and, perhaps, a corn-field or a forest may long ages afterwards mark the spot where originally a few lichens scraped a miserable subsistence from the bare rock, and spent their life in struggling with the scorching sun and the cruel storm. The lichen is thus the first link in the chain that surrounds the earth with a zone of beauty and verdure. Between it and the oak and palm there is that relation of mutual dependence which binds the highest and lowest objects of creation together.

As elements in the picturesque, lichens have long held a high place in the estimation of all lovers of nature. What would a ruin be without them? They give to old walls and weather-beaten castles and abbeys the hoary coloring of time. They soften the raw, harsh aspect of man's handiwork, and

bring it into harmony with the meek unobtrusiveness of nature. They lay their quiet fingers on the scenes of human suffering and the monuments of human pride, and subdue them to their own eternal peace. On the old home that sheltered man's life, on the gray tombstone that records his death, they paint their frescoes of immortal hope; and amid scenes that remind us only of change and mortality they read their bright illuminated lesson of fixed and unchanging endurance. But not only are they thus elements in the quiet shading of nature's scenes, and in the picturesque adornment of man's work; they are often beautiful in themselves, and exhibit a grace of outline and color which rewards like a new discovery the eye that searches it out. Even the commonest and simplest species exhibit this signature of the great Artist, indicating that it is the work of one who has combined beauty with strength in all the objects of his sanctuary. No one can allow his eye in moments of reverie, when the mind is quickened, to linger, however briefly, upon a small bit of lichen wall or rock, without being astonished at the disclosure there given to him of a hidden beauty, such as he had not dreamed of in such waste places, and in things so obscure and unheeded. And surely the lesson comes home with power to the mind, that what we need is not a new revelation from heaven, but eyes to see the revelation that is already before us in what we proudly call the common and unclean.

Lichens run through the whole chromatic scale, and show what striking effects nature can produce by an harmonious combination of a few simple lines and hues. Most of them are of a quiet gray tint, but some display the most vivid colors. One species covers trees and rocks with bright yellow powdery patches; another sprinkles them with a kind of green rust, especially in the neighborhood of large towns. Almost every old wall, castle, and rocky sea-shore is emblazoned with the brilliant deep yellow rosettes of the common wall *parmelia*. Olive-green and pale primrose-yellow lichens diversify the surface of moorland boulders, and dykes. And what is very remarkable,

the higher we ascend the mountain side, the farther north we penetrate, the brighter becomes the coloring and the more graceful and luxuriant the form of lichens, presenting in this respect a parallel to many flowering plants, such as the birch, whose stem is whiter, and whose leaves are more shining and fragrant in Norway than in this country. One of the loveliest species is the "Geographical Lichen" (*Lecidea geographica*), which is the most arctic, antarctic, and alpine plant in the world, occupying the extreme outpost of vegetation in altitude and latitude; and its yellow-green crust becomes brighter, smoother, and more continuous, and its characteristic black dots and lines, like towns and rivers and boundaries on a map, become deeper and glossier the nearer we approach the limit of perpetual snow. It is a fit companion of these exquisite alpine flowers that bloom their fairest in the same desolate circumstances, and exhibit a grace and beauty far surpassing those of their favored sisters of the plain.

The little Cup Lichen, that holds up its tiny goblets in myriads to catch the dew-drops upon the turfy top of every old wall and bank, assumes in one of its kindred forms that grows at a great height upon the mountains a larger size, a more elegant shape, and a more tender color. Nothing of the kind can be lovelier than this mountain species, with its soft sulphur-colored cups decked round the edge with waxen heads of the most brilliant scarlet, creeping over the bleak alpine turf, and forming, with the gay flowers of the purple saxifrage and the moss campion, a tiny garden in the wilderness. On the wildest islands of the antarctic ocean, where nothing else but lichens grow, some of the finest species abound, whose large polished black shields contrast beautifully with their yellow shrubby stems; and on the tundras, or vast plains that border the Polar Ocean, the eye is delighted beyond measure with the delicate and intricate branching and the snowy purity of the larger lichens, which form almost the only vegetation. One lichen in New Zealand imitates the finest lace-work; another found on our gray northern moors

resembles miniature coral; and on the highest and most exposed ridges of the Scottish mountains one leafy species occurs whose under side is of the most splendid orange color, while its upper surface constantly wetted by the clouds and mists, is of the most vivid green, varied by the chocolate color of its large, flat, shield-like fructification. Thus, where we should expect the vegetation to partake of the somber nature of the locality, and to be dwarfed, ill-shapen and discolored by the unfavorable circumstances, we find the most perfect and luxuriant forms; and just as the lichens in our sheltered woods and valleys flourish best in wild wintery weather, so do their congeners in the exposed altitudes and latitudes of the world, where there is a perpetual Winter and storms continually prevail, exhibit their brightest coloring and their most graceful shapes, reading to us thus the most needful lesson of one of the sweet uses of adversity; namely, to perfect that which concerneth us—to complete the ideal which a too easy and pleasant life often fails to realize.

We admire the beautiful ingenuity of the way in which mosses are propagated—the slender stem that rises from the moss-tuft, the little oval urn that crowns it, with its veil that speedily falls off, its lid that soon follows, and its fringe of microscopic teeth that remain, and, fitting into each other, close over the mouth to protect the dust-like seed within from bad weather, and open and expand in sunshine to let in the ripening light and heat. But equally wonderful is the contrivance by which the lichens that grow by their side are perpetuated. Every one who has given a moment's attention to these plants as they fall under his eye, staining the stones of an old wall or the face of an exposed rock, must have noticed a number of little round or flat dots about the size of a pin's head, mostly black, clustering about the center of the gray patches. These points are the fructification—all that the plant has for blossom, fruit, and seed. The fructification always differs in color from the vegetative part—from the filmy crust or leafy rosette. If the lichen is gray the fructification is generally black or flesh-

color; if it is yellow, the fructification is of a deeper yellow; if it is green, the fructification is chocolate-brown; and however irregular or amorphous may be the shape and appearance of the lichen, the fructification is always neat and symmetrical. The same law that brings out the greatest loveliness of the higher plants in those parts that are connected with the propagation of the species—the blossom and fruit—operates in the case of the lichens, and crowns the fructification of these lowly plants with all the grace and beauty of which they are capable. The sweeter song of the thrush, and the brighter crimson of the robin's breast in Spring; the transformation of the green foliage of the rose and lily into gayly colored petals in the blossoming time; and all the poetry and romance that are connected with the hour of human love, find their counterparts in those little round variously colored dots that give a brighter and neater appearance to the homely surface of the lichen. The little Cup Lichen on the wall, when it adorns the edge of its gray goblet as if with bits of red sealing-wax, responds to the universal impulse which prompts nature to adorn herself in her bridal hour, and experiences in its own humble degree the same feeling that moves the aristocratic bluebell by its side to hang out its cerulean chimes of blossoms to be rung by the Autumn breeze.

And not less worthy of examination is the specialized organ with which the lichen decks itself than the blossom of the brightest flower, which is only the highest outflush of the energy that moves transformingly in this lowly object. Cut a thin vertical slice from one of these little round dots and place it under the microscope, and you will find in it a number of delicate flask-shaped cells containing four, eight, twelve, or sixteen sporidia; that is, cells of an oval form with spores or seeds in their interior. Few things can exceed in beauty as microscopic objects the sporidia of many of the lichens. Some are bright scarlet, others deep blue, and others green, olive, golden, yellow, or brown. When ripe they are ejected in moist weather, through the layer that bears the seed-vessels

becoming wetted, and thus bulging out and exerting a pressure which ultimately bursts the seed-vessels at the summit, and causes the expulsion of their contents. It is by a similarly simple yet most effective process that the seeds of ferns and mosses are set free and sown broadcast by nature. Very curious is the fact that the number of the sporidia or seed-cases of the lichen is the same as that of the teeth around the mouth of the fruit-capsule of the moss—always four or a multiple of four; thus showing that in minute microscopic parts and organs, where one might expect irregularity and chance results, there is the most rigid order and accuracy. Our own teeth are arranged according to a similar law; and He who numbers the very hairs of our head numbers the little teeth on the capsule of the neglected moss and the little seed-vessels of the obscure lichen which not one eye in a million ever sees.

But it must not be supposed that the organs of fructification I have thus described are present on every lichen. A very large number of species and individuals are almost uniformly barren. In such cases other modes of propagation are supplemented; and, indeed, the green, spherical cells which form the active vegetative part of the lichen are capable of developing into new individuals if detached from the parent plant, and act in the economy of lichens the same part which buds, bulbs, and runners perform in that of trees and flowering plants. If the one mode of propagation is absent owing to unfavorable circumstances, the other is developed more exuberantly than usual to supply its place; and just as the chances of failure are increased, so are the contrivances to prevent it multiplied. And thus the lichens are "pilgrims bold in nature's care," and spread themselves freely every-where.

Nor are lichens without direct benefit to man. He has made them *humane* by human uses and associations. Some species, like the weeds that intrude into his fields, and the nettle and the dock that are never found far from his home, grow upon his walls and fruit-trees, and are peculiarly domesticated. But there are many that grow in the wild,

and refuse to come under the laws of the garden and field, and yet yield him substantial benefits. The reindeer-lichen feeds the herds of the Laplander; the Iceland moss produces a delicate jelly for the invalid; arctic travelers, in the absence of all other food, have been obliged to subsist upon the black shagreen-like tufts of the *tripe de roche*; and a mauna-like lichen has sometimes fallen in showers in the Caspian deserts, and kept the people from starving in seasons of famine. In medicine lichens at one time were almost exclusively employed, but they are now retained as cures for colds and fevers only in a few out-of-the-way, old-fashioned localities. As dye-stuffs, however, they are still most valuable, and some of the loveliest hues are yielded by the orchil and the cudbear. It is a curious circumstance that the most brilliant tints in dyeing should be produced by the most colorless species, while the gayest lichens yield no colorific results of any value.

In the case of the yellow parmeliæ, that light up an old wall with their golden radiance, they show upon their surface the sunshine that has kindled and supported their life; but in the case of the gray lichen the sunshine has been all absorbed into their secret tissues, and not a trace of it is visible, and its rainbow hues can only be elicited by artificial processes. But whether reflected or absorbed, every lichen shows its indebtedness to the sunshine, and yields

the colors that it has borrowed from the light and that have entered into its composition. In some part or organ, at some stage or other of its history or use, the colored rays that seem to be lost are found again, and nothing that is received but is faithfully accounted for. The dock and the sorrel by the wayside, that have continued green and sullen all their life, brighten into scarlet as they decay; and the hoary lichen on the dusky rock, that has drunk in all the hues of the spectrum and made no sign, yields when artificially treated its hidden store of color, and produces a violet and golden hue not unworthy of the fairest garden flower.

Nothing is lost in nature. God's handwriting on the wayside wall and the weather-beaten rock writes no sentence—"Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting." On the lichen that grows over the letters on a tombstone is written the successful history of its own life; it represents the sum of all the influences to which it has been subjected. Would that the same could be truthfully said of him for whom that tombstone has been raised, whose work when he has done with it the lichen helps to bring back to the bosom of the common mother earth, and for whom the lichen does the last continuous service of watchfulness by his grave, when the woods and the blossoms and the "gift-bearing grasses" have ended their ministry forever.

THE COMING REIGN.

KING of kings! ascend thy throne,
Visit this thine earth again;
Gird thy sword upon thy thigh;
Take thy mighty power and reign.
King of nations! claim this world,
With its kingdoms for thine own;
Raze each rebel fortress here,
Level every hostile throne.
King of Israel! now arise,
And rebuild thy Salem's walls;
Gather Jacob's scattered flock,
Hear thine Israel when he calls.

King of saints! thy ransom'd own,
They the members, thou the head;
Speed the great deliverance,
First begotten of the dead.
King of glory! King of heaven!
King of earth! arise and reign;
All creation sighs for thee,
Visit thine own earth again.
King eternal! Son of God!
Earth and heaven shall thee obey;
Principalities and powers
Own thine everlasting away!

REV. CHARLES HODGE, D. D., LL. D.



THE eminent scholars of the world are not the peculiar property of the denomination or school to which they belong. All scholarship in its highest forms is non-partisan, and is a part of the wealth of Christendom. Its aim is the attainment of truth, and when it becomes subservient to a preconceived theory, bending the truth for the maintenance of a doctrine, it ceases to be scholarship. The true theologian is not a mere pleader for his Church, but is a scientific student of the profoundest truths in their relation to the government of God and to the duties and destinies of man. It is in their broader relations to Christian thought and progress that the lives of theologians are alike interesting to all students of God's Word and to all admirers of genuine piety and benevolence.

The recent death of Dr. Hodge, the sen-

ior Professor in the Theological Seminary of the Presbyterian Church at Princeton, has been received with regret by the brotherhood of Christian scholars both in America and in Europe. A scholar by taste, by training, and by choice; a Christian by grace through faith; a Presbyterian by education and conviction; a theologian by habits of mind and by the selection of his Church, Dr. Hodge was regarded by those who knew him best as the ablest and most distinguished representative of theological scholarship which America has produced.

The sentiment of the representatives of his own Church, and of the friends of religion and learning generally, was embodied in a paper prepared by Rev. Lyman H. Atwater, D. D., LL. D., and which was unanimously adopted at a meeting in the seminary chapel immediately preceding the funeral. The

following extract gives their estimate of his character and work:

"Mighty in the Scriptures, and in maintaining their plenary inspiration and infallible authority, he was mighty also as a defender and expounder of the truths they teach. It is quite safe to say that no divine of this century, in this, if in any land, has made contributions of such magnitude, influence, and permanent value to the literature of the Church reaching through the various departments and phases of theology, systematic, didactic, exegetical, polemic, ecclesiastical, historical and practical,—extending even to the sphere of social and political ethics. This he has done through periodicals, tracts, and books, all culminating in that consummate work, his massive volumes of 'Systematic Theology.'

"By his pen and voice, his strong personal presence and living spiritual power, he reached and molded a vast body of men, in the present and past generation, in and out of the clerical profession, whose function it has been to persuade and 'teach others also.' Great in his natural and acquired endowments, in scholarship, in depth, breadth, and acuteness of intellect; in the mingled simplicity, gentleness, sweetness and firmness of his character, he was the greatest of all in his life of simple faith in Christ, humble obedience to his precepts, and serene hope of a blessed immortality through his Gospel. All this he exemplified not only in his life and labors so great and beneficent, but also in death, the approach of which was hailed by him as a summons to pass out from the body and be present with the Lord, so to be like him, seeing him as he is. Indeed, none of his instructions have been more precious or profitable to his pupils than his remarkable expositions of experimental religion in the celebrated Sabbath afternoon conferences in the seminary, in which he took a leading part to the last."

It is not the object of this paper to discuss the position of Dr. Hodge as a theologian, nor the merits of his system of theology, but rather to give such a view of his life and characteristics as may aid those who were not acquainted with him to get some conception of the great Christian teacher.

Charles Hodge was born in Philadelphia on the 28th of December, 1797; became a member of the Presbyterian Church at Princeton during his senior year in college;

was graduated at the College of New Jersey in 1814, and at the Princeton Theological Seminary 1819. The venerable Dr. Archibald Alexander, the founder of the seminary, who was his preceptor, noticed his abilities and adaptations, and marked his fitness to become one of his associates in the faculty. In his later years Dr. Hodge spoke of it as the crisis which determined his life work, when Dr. Alexander said to him: "Charles, how would you like to be a professor in the seminary?" A position so in harmony with his tastes could not be otherwise than agreeable to him, and in accordance with Dr. Alexander's wishes, he became assistant instructor in Oriental languages the year succeeding his graduation. At first he taught languages mostly, particularly Hebrew. Dr. Alexander had thus far been the instructor in Hebrew, and he was very anxious that Mr. Hodge should make special preparation for that department. He was very young for the position which he was called to fill, and it was the occasion of unfavorable remark on the part of some of the older students that one younger than themselves should be placed over them. One of these dissatisfied ones complained to his classmate, who is now the venerable ex-President of the College of New Jersey, Rev. Dr. Maclean, that Mr. Hodge was too young; but Mr. Maclean remarked, in reply, that he did not care who was his teacher, provided he was competent to teach, and this was never questioned.

In 1822 the General Assembly established the Chair of Oriental Languages in the Seminary; and Mr. Hodge, although but twenty-five years of age, was elected the professor. Soon after his election he went abroad, spending some parts of three years at Halle, Berlin, and Paris, in more complete preparation for the responsible position to which he had been chosen. On his return home, in 1825, he entered upon his professional duties, in which he continued, with fidelity and distinguished ability, until April, 1878, a period of more than half a century, the only instance of a semi-centenarian in a theological seminary in actual service, which has yet occurred in America.

Dr. Hodge's Chair was changed to that of Didactic and Exegetical Theology in 1840; to which, in 1852, Polemic Theology was added. Dr. Hodge was the last representative of the early days of the great school of theology of which he was so distinguished an ornament—a school commencing in 1812, with three students under Dr. Alexander, which afterward attained commanding eminence under the joint labors of himself and his accomplished associate, Dr. Samuel Miller. The next in the line of professors was Dr. Hodge, who thus formed the connecting link between the early and the modern Princeton.

The fiftieth year of his occupancy of his chair was celebrated by a gathering of his former students and friends at Princeton. The occasion called together an assembly of Christian scholars such as rarely meet in any country or in any century. It included representatives of the great theological schools and colleges of the country, and eminent men from the pastoral, editorial, and missionary work, all bringing hearty sympathy with the occasion and profound gratitude to Dr. Hodge.

The formal address, a grand defense of theology as a science, was delivered by Rev. J. T. Duryea, D. D., of Brooklyn; that on behalf of the Directors of the Seminary and Alumni, by Rev. Dr. Boardman, of Philadelphia. In the afternoon addresses were delivered by men representing the institutions of learning with which they were connected. Dr. McCosh, of Princeton; Dr. Woolsey, of Yale; Dr. Porter, of Belfast, Ireland; Dr. H. B. Smith, of Union; Dr. Jacobus, of Alleghany; Dr. Smyth, of Andover; Dr. Patten, of Chicago; Dr. Vermilye, of Hartford; Dr. Cooper, of the United Presbyterian Seminary; Dr. Krauth, of the Theological Seminary of the Evangelical Lutheran Church; Dr. Hovey, of the Baptist Theological Seminary; Dr. Packard, of the Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary, made addresses: while of the Methodist schools, Drew Theological Seminary was represented by a letter from its President, Dr. (now Bishop) Foster, and by a member of its Faculty; and Boston, by a congratulatory letter from President Warren. Letters also were read from a number of distinguished persons, among whom were Bishops Johns and M'Ilvaine, who had been his classmates, and Bishops Clark and Littlejohn, who had been his pupils. Contributions to the amount of forty-five thousand dollars were received for the permanent endowment of Dr. Hodge's chair, besides a personal present of more than fifteen thousand dollars.

While the addresses were being delivered, which, though always in good taste, were necessarily expressive of admiration as well as of congratulation, Dr. Hodge, the hero of the occasion, sat in the pulpit listening to the words of praise and affection (never were words more sincerely spoken) with his head bent down, with the simplicity and unaffected shrinking from display which never deserted him, apparently glad of the good words of love, and yet sorry that the necessities of the case made him so conspicuous.

This shrinking was apparent in his reply to the addresses of the morning. The audience rose to welcome him, and many remained standing during his response. He said: "A man is to be commiserated who is called upon to attempt the impossible. The certainty of failure does not free him from the necessity of effort. It is impossible that I should make you understand the feelings which swell my heart almost to bursting. Language is an imperfect vehicle of thought; as an expression of emotion it is utterly inadequate. We say, 'I thank you,' to a servant who hands us a glass of water; and we thank God for our salvation. The same word must answer these widely different purposes; yet there is no other. When I say I thank you for all your respect, confidence, and love, I say nothing. I am powerless. I can only bow down before you with tearful gratitude and call on God to bless you and to reward you a hundred-fold for all your goodness."

In this address also Dr. Hodge incidentally gives us a view of the central thoughts in connection with his own theological system. He designated two peculiarities in connection with the Princeton System of Theology

as having descended to it from Drs. Alexander and Miller. The one was its *Christological character*. Taking his position again as the pupil of these founders of the school he said: "While our teachers did not dissuade us from looking within and searching for evidence of the Spirit's work in the heart, they constantly directed us to look only unto Jesus,—Jehovah, Jesus; him in whom are united all that is infinite and awful indicated by the name Jehovah; and all that is human and tender and sympathetic, forbearing and loving implied in the name Jesus. If any student went to Dr. Alexander in a state of despondence, the venerable man was sure to tell him, 'Look not too much within. Look to Christ. Dwell on his person, on his work, on his promises, and devote yourself to his service, and you will soon find peace.' When I was about leaving Berlin on my return to America, the friends whom God had given me in that city were kind enough to send me an album, in which they had severally written their names, and a few lines as remarks. What Neander wrote was in Greek and included these words: *Ὅτις ἐν ταυτῷ, nothing in ourselves; ἐν κυρίῳ πάντα, all things in the Lord; ὃ μόνῳ δουλεῖν δόξα καὶ καθήκον, whom alone to serve is a glory and a joy*. These words our old professors would have inscribed in letters of gold over the portals of this Seminary, there to remain in undiminished brightness as long as the name of Princeton lingers in the memory of man."

The other marked characteristic of Princeton teaching, according to Dr. Hodge, was its non-speculative, its *Scriptural aspect*. He said: "I am not afraid to say that a new idea never originated in this Seminary. Their theological method was very simple. The Bible is the Word of God. That is to be assumed or proved. If granted, then it follows that what the Bible says, God says. That ends the matter." In thus outlining the foundations of the Seminary's teachings, as introduced by Drs. Alexander and Miller, he is also giving the key to his own theological views and writings. Dr. Hodge was Professor of Exegesis before he became a Professor of Didactic and Polemic The-

ology. He believed that the great facts on which theological science must be based are contained in the Bible, and that it is the business of theologians first to ascertain what they are by a rigid exegesis of the Scriptures, and then from the facts to evolve a system of doctrines which would harmonize and explain them. He believed that the system of truth which he taught was Scriptural, and he held that a "Thus saith the Lord" was a sufficient authority for any doctrine he maintained.

However men may differ from him on points of exegesis, and consequently of doctrine, it will hardly be questioned that his method was a good one. It is in the Bible alone that the foundation of a true theology must be laid. A true view of Dr. Hodge's theology must come from the Biblical rather than from the mere philosophical standpoint. He illustrated his own as well as Princeton's faith in the Bible, in the response to which allusion has already been made, by the following anecdote: "There recently resided in this village a venerable lady, as distinguished for her strength of character as for her piety. A skeptical friend once said to her, 'My dear Madam, it is impossible that a woman of your sense can believe that story in the Bible about the whale swallowing Jonah.' She replied with emphasis, 'Judge, if the Bible said that Jonah swallowed the whale, I would believe it.' That may have been said by others, I know it was said by her. I am not authorized to affirm that Dr. Alexander would say the same thing. But he would come pretty near it. And he is no true Princetonian who will not come as near to it as he can."

It was because he believed in the Bible as the sole basis of the doctrine of salvation, that he did not wish, nor did he claim to be a discoverer of new things. He regarded himself as the expounder of the beliefs of Christian students of God's Word. He had the remarkable faculty of interpreting to others their own beliefs and feelings, and in his teachings was often found the truest exhibition of their own beliefs.

His piety was deep and fervent. He was

early in life trained by his mother to habits of prayer and converse with God; and he was not able to define his feelings more accurately than by saying that even in his boyhood he seemed to be talking with God. He made a profession of religion soon after the war of 1812, when there were few professors of religion; and from that time until his death he was a devoted follower of Christ. No student of either the college or seminary at Princeton, during the term of Dr. Hodge's residence there, has gone away without a deep impression of the piety of this eminent divine. In the meetings for prayer and in revival services he took a deep interest, and it was on these occasions that he revealed the depth of his love for souls. His remarks on these occasions often thrilled the audience, because of their intensity. In these sacred meetings his countenance was glowing and radiant, and it was manifest to all that this distinguished scholar and theologian who could grapple with the subtlest problems of human thought was himself a docile pupil of his Master, Christ, and had partaken largely of his Spirit. During the last Week of Prayer in Princeton he made an address of considerable length; he exhibited to the last a deep interest in the work of practical religion.

The work of Dr. Hodge which will be the great monument both of his piety and learning to the ordinary Christian is "The Way of Life," written by him in 1840. One of the most useful discussions on "Inspiration" is to be found in the opening chapters of this little book. "He avoids in this book," says the venerable Dr. Maclean, "a great mistake of Doddridge, Edwards, and others, in that he does not have one set of experiences for every body that becomes a Christian." This volume was written to give practical instruction to such as were inquiring the way of life, and its wide circulation is a proof of its usefulness. President M'Cosh, of Princeton, in his address at the semi-centennial said: "Nor is it only among the theologians that the name of Dr. Hodge is known and appreciated; it is esteemed by the thinking portion of the common people. I remember that when Dr.

Hodge's 'Way of Life' was added to the library of the congregation with which I was connected, there was a keen competition between a servant girl and a hand-loom weaver, as to which should get the first reading."

It has already been stated that it is not the object of this writing to speak in detail of the great merits of Dr. Hodge's theological opinions and writings. His contributions have covered a wide range of topics, and have exercised a great influence on the thought of his time. The two works by which he is best known to the scholars of the world are his "Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans" and his "Systematic Theology." The former is a grand exhibit of his exegetical ability, while the latter is a rigid and exhaustive scientific presentation of the whole field of theology. They will long remain as monuments of his scholarship, ability, industry, and capacity for clear and forcible statement of his views of great Bible doctrines. He established the *Biblical Repository* in 1825, to which the title of *Princeton Review* was afterward added, which became a great power in the discussion of ecclesiastical and theological questions. Dr. S. I. Prime, of the *New York Observer*, said of him in an address, "The *Princeton Review* has been repeatedly alluded to, but no specific reference has been made to Dr. Hodge's power as a reviewer. I think,—and I have had to do with the press now for thirty years,—I think Dr. Hodge the ablest reviewer in the world."

As an instructor there was little that was peculiar in his methods. He delivered his lectures without special animation, relying more on the matter which they contained than on emphasis in the delivery. But he won the interest of the students in his department, and held them to it until the close of their course. His power over the young men committed to him was manifest in the deep Biblical and theological tone which pervaded their preaching afterward, and also in the steadfastness with which they propounded the views now generally recognized as Princetonian. Dr. Woolsey, ex-President of Yale College, il-

illustrated this influence as a teacher, in his own case, when he said, "I began with my venerated and beloved friend, Dr. Hodge, the study of the Scriptures, and it was under him that I imbibed that love, particularly for the Greek Scriptures, which has been so great that I have sometimes wished that I might take my Greek Testament with me into heaven." It was, however, in his oral discussions in reviewing a lecture or at its close, that he shone pre-eminently. Then he was deeply moved, and the play of his countenance as it lighted up with the thought within was striking and impressive. His Sabbath afternoon discussions, in which he set forth in simple yet strong language the great doctrines of the Bible, especially in their more practical and experimental aspects, was one of the striking features of the seminary course, and on the whole that which left the most abiding impression upon the minds and hearts of the students. The glow and warmth of that hour gave an inspiration to the whole after life of many a young man.

Dr. Hodge was not an ascetic either in rigid adherence to prescribed methods in his modes of work or habits of life. He had no severe rules or times of study. He did not study before breakfast, but followed very much the ordinary divisions of time for work and rest. His self-control was such as to insure work at the proper time, but he was very much inclined to follow his impulses. He was much helped in the amount of work which he performed by his ability to accomplish a great deal in a short time. He could so concentrate his powers on any thing before him that he was able to do his best on any subject, much more rapidly than others. It is not here implied that he was unsystematic, but that he was not the slave of system. He could work continuously under very unfavorable circumstances. He wrote his "Commentary on Romans" lying on his back, having been confined for two or three years to his house by a disease which he had contracted in trying to raise funds for the seminary chapel. During this period he wrote the "Commentary." He had a kind of table or board made which he

had on his lap, suited to his position, and his books in a convenient place, and thus he executed the work which called forth the warmest thanks from his venerated preceptor and friend, Dr. Alexander, and also from the whole Church.

His work too was the result of great care. He wrote and rewrote, and left nothing undone that could contribute to its completeness, and hence, while he worked with rapidity, nothing that he did bears the marks of any lack of thoroughness either in preparation or execution. His abode was in his study, and he was emphatically a scholar, and yet his social life was exceedingly pleasant. Deeply attached to his own family and overflowing with all the sweetness of a devoted husband and father, he was ever a delightful companion. His study was the resort not of scholars and theologians only, but of persons of every condition, seeking advice or encouragement. He was ever ready to do acts of kindness, and was hailed as a friend by all who had the pleasure to know him. The entire absence of any thing artificial about him made him readily accessible, and the young and old regarded him with equal affection. The great theologian was alike a welcome guest both in the house of mourning and in the house of feasting, and he brought cheer to every home circle which he visited.

Nor was he a stranger to the world in which he lived. He scanned with eager interest the records of his times, studying with zest the politics of the day in their ethical relations. A prominent statesman expressed his surprise when told that an able article on public affairs which had attracted his attention was written by a professor of theology.

These qualities, with others, made him a broad as well as a deep man. A Presbyterian, thoroughly believing in the government of his own Church, he recognized the right of all who are vitally united to Christ to a place in the Church of God. His address before the Evangelical Alliance in New York was criticised by some because of its catholicity. That address is, in fact, one of the best contributions made in our time towards

the true doctrine of Christian unity. A selection or two must suffice to indicate its tone: "And as we are not at liberty to give any definition of a Christian which shall exclude any of the true followers of Christ, so we are not at liberty to give any definition of a Church which shall exclude any body which Christ recognizes as a Church by his presence. A Christian is a man united to Christ by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, and a Church is a body of men really or by a credible profession thus united to Christ, organized for the purposes of Christian worship, the proclamation of the Gospel, and for mutual watch and care. . . . A nation is a nation whether its government be monarchical, aristocratic, or republican; so a Church is a Church, whatever be the form of its external organization. Nothing can be essential to the being of a Church that is not essential to the Christianity of its members. '*Ubi spiritus Dei, ibi Ecclesia*,' has in all ages been a motto and an axiom." Again he says, "The terms of Christian fellowship are prescribed by Christ and are the same for all Churches. No particular Church has a right to require any thing as a term of communion which Christ has not made a condition of salvation." On the recognition of orders between denominations, he says: "If, then, we recognize a body of men as Christians, we must recognize them in their organized capacity, as a Church; and if we recognize them as a Church, we must recognize their ministers." These views of the breadth of Christian brotherhood which he exhibits in the passages quoted are not the utterances of a youth guided by impulse and sentiment, but of a veteran scholar, whose studies and whose public life covered more than half a century. In the sense of fellowship he has

himself taught, Dr. Hodge belongs not merely to the great body of Christians whose theology he so ably expounded, but to the whole Church of God, irrespective of denominational affinities.

One who knew him well, a co-laborer with him for many years, and also his successor in the conduct of the *Princeton Review*, the Rev. Lyman H. Atwater, LL. D., said to the writer that there have been "very few men who had so many elements of greatness, with so little that one could wish otherwise, as Dr. Hodge." He was exempt from small foibles and weaknesses. A great master of analysis, he was yet simple in his style; profound in his grasp of thought, he was yet warm and tender in his presentation of truth. He died as peacefully as he had lived. His last service in public was at the funeral of his life-long friend, Professor Henry, in Washington. The distance and excitement proved too much for him. He came home to die. His faith did not fail him at the last. A critic, censuring his volumes of theology, said: "It is enough for Dr. Hodge to believe a thing to be true that he finds it in the Bible." In his death he still clung to its declarations as the sole ground of his hope. He said to one in grief: "Do not grieve; 'to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord.' This is to see him; and to see him is to be like him."

He was buried in the cemetery at Princeton where repose so many of the celebrated scholars and divines of the Presbyterian Church. About fifty yards east from where the Presidents of the College of New Jersey are buried, and in the same inclosure with the Alexanders, father and sons alike revered for learning and piety, is buried all that is mortal of the scholar, the divine, and the Christian—Charles Hodge.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

THE CHURCH AS A SOCIAL AND POLITICAL FORCE.

NEARLY half a century ago the poet Southey, referring to the recently suppressed treasonable enterprise of Aaron Burr, wrote, very much in his own vein, "The next Aaron Burr . . . may discern that *fanaticism* is the most effective weapon with which ambition can arm itself." This remark certainly recognizes a great truth in social philosophy, though it does not fully cover the entire breadth of the principle that it brings into view. Fanaticism itself is only one form—a perversion or abnormal development of the universal and all-powerful religious element in human character and in society. The fact is obvious and undeniable that this element is both ubiquitous and practically powerful in social affairs; for in all organized social and political bodies are found the effective influences of the religious element, and the recognition of a superhuman power in the direction of the affairs of governments. Kings, the most powerful and despotic, confess and claim that they reign "by the grace of God;" and democracies seek to give the odor of sanctity to their determinations by saying that "the voice of the people is the voice of God." All of these are but the unconscious recognition of the heart's intuitions, and the detection of the suggestions of man's felt wants, even among the most ample provisions, that all things subsist and are ordered by a Superior Will and Intelligence. Divine wisdom has proclaimed the same great truth in a clearer and still more definite form, when it said, "By me kings reign and princes decree judgment."

The philosophy of history is but the operation of this subtle, often unrecognized, and always effective "divinity that shapes our ends," not as their authors and agents intended, but according to a higher and better purpose. It was, therefore, well and wisely said on a recent mem-

orable occasion, "The past, with all its records, is the unfoldings of the counsels of the All-wise God, and the realization of his great designs." And to this order of divine government in human affairs the primary elements of human nature are all adapted, and civil society can be established and maintained only as the laws so written in man's original character are observed. The problems of society, of government, and of social progress and order can never be correctly solved without the recognition of this religious factor. Liberty and national well-being can not be secured and perpetuated without the aid of this great social force; and in the practical ordering of public affairs no other is of such transcendent importance.

This is the theme indicated in the title of this paper, whose words are there used in their general and most comprehensive sense. Under the idea of the Church is included the entirety of organic Christianity in its true, spiritual catholicity. Specific varieties of creeds and forms of ecclesiasticism are disregarded, and only the real and essential spirit and life of religion is taken account of. And as it is proposed to consider chiefly the affairs of this century, it may be said at the beginning that the Church has always been present here, both in spirit and in form, and has in every case entered as a factor into its problems, and has steadily acted as a directing and fashioning force in the growth of its institutions and the fashioning of its affairs. These things are truths to be recognized and properly allowed for in estimating the country's history; to fail to detect them in their true character and relations is to misapprehend the philosophy of the nation's history, and certainly to fail to insure a proper direction of its affairs.

From the beginning the Americans have been eminently, and beyond most others, a religious people. Of the original Colonists,

large portions were religious exiles, driven from their homes by persecutions endured for conscience' sake—the companions and survivors of confessors and martyrs. They were English Puritans and the exiles of the Palatinate, Quakers, and Anabaptists; and such as were not properly refugees from persecution were, nevertheless, distinctively religious, and pronounced Protestants. In their new homes they were often but poorly supplied with the ordinances of Christian worship and culture, and with the process of time, and the succession of a generation, born and bred among such religious destitution, the tone of religion often sunk to a comparatively low standard; yet were they nothing else than Protestants, and even their superstitions and their profanity bore something of the features of their faith. The young American nation, when it had achieved first its independence, was composed of an almost purely native population, simple and often ignorant and uncultured, but intensely patriotic and thoroughly self-reliant. If there was but little real piety among them, and a marked underrating of religious observances, there was, on the other hand, an almost universal acceptance of the basal truths of Christianity, and wholesome assent to its rightful authority over their characters and actions. With only the most inadequate appreciation of the greatness of the experiment they were entering upon, the various denominations of Christians set about the maintenance of the ordinances of religion, and the prosecution of their mission in absolute independence of the secular authority. In the Eastern States was there simple and almost wholly unconsolidated Congregationalism, while throughout the Middle and Southern States were only isolated local Churches, usually of European kindred and affiliations, and with scarcely more of religious affinities among themselves than of ecclesiastical unity. But whatever of religion there was in the land was of a wholesome and conservative character. There was but little outspoken infidelity, and the form of unbelief, now so prevalent, which accepts the name of Christianity, but puts in its place "another Gospel," was then almost unknown. The institutions of religion were revered, and its ministers were respected; the Sabbath, though often profaned, as it must necessarily be wherever the institutions of public worship are not

maintained, was, nevertheless, recognized in the public mind as a holy day; and the people lived with a perpetual sense of their moral responsibility, which went out beyond the present life.

Soon after the return of peace and the restoration of public order, the several Christian denominations began to organize themselves as independent bodies, each following its own historical order. Those that had observed the independent order needed nothing beyond what they already possessed—Congregational autonomy; those that adhered to the Presbyterian order readily organized themselves into Presbyteries, which grew into Synods or general and national assemblies; and the now disestablished Episcopal Churches sought and obtained from the English hierarchy an Episcopal nucleus for themselves. The few Roman Catholic Churches in the country were held as outposts of European dioceses. The Methodists, whose advent into the country preceded the war of the Revolution by less than ten years, and which at its close were scarcely recognized as an appreciable element in the American Church, almost immediately after the close of that war perfected an ecclesiastical organization, with a hundred ministers and a system of ecclesiastical aggression which rapidly carried the denomination into every part of the country. The progress of the American Church, so organized for future life and growth, at first advanced slowly but steadily and with ever increasing power, and in that formative era in American society it became one of the most potent factors in giving character to the nation.

The social and political institutions of a country are not so much creations as growths; and usually the influences that determine such growths are but little observed in their earlier stages, during which, however, the after characters of such bodies receive their governing impress. While it is no doubt true that in some cases individual destinies have largely affected the characters and doctrines of whole countries, it is equally true that in nearly every such case, these ruling characters have been the outcome of their social antecedents, and they affect their achievements by moving with the tendencies of their times. The American Revolution, whose spirit is incarnated in the Declaration of Independence, was not distinct-

tively American. Its voice was heard more than a hundred years before, in the debates of the Long Parliament, and its claims were embodied in "The Petition of Rights." Its battles had been begun, and its earliest victories were at Naseby and Marston Moor. The English Revolution of 1688 was the original stock of which the American was a scion, transplanted into a favoring soil, with a congenial atmosphere, and, therefore, capable of a more rapid and a larger development. The Hampdens and Cromwells and the Sidneys and Russells of the mother country, labored and taught and bled and died, not only, nor indeed chiefly, for English liberty, but still more for that of the then almost unknown land beyond the sea. The deep religiousness of the English Puritans was not lost in the passage over the ocean; and so in their measure, all the various classes of colonists, of whatever nationalities, brought with them their religious convictions, as their most considerable contributions to the nascent bodies into which they were to be incorporated. It was because the fathers of the American Republic were such as they were; and such as they had become by virtue of the moral and religious atmosphere in which they had been reared, that when left free to develop their own social and political institutions, these grew into such as were alone possible, incarnating the soul, whose essential elements are *liberty, equality, and fraternity*. A State without a king had become a possibility and a necessity, because a nation had grown up under the tutelage and inspiration of a Church without a bishop—the City of God, whose citizens are the peers each of every other, and all freemen. And that Church was also in its essential nature Protestant and evangelical; and because the public mind was thus permeated and molded by evangelical Protestantism, the institutions of the country became what they are.

Another member of the sentence of which a brief clause was quoted at the beginning of this article, however wrong it may be in respect to its assumed facts, recognizes an important and fruitful truth, when it says that "immorality, and the want of religion, naturally and necessarily tend to [destructive] revolutions," and that there was great danger in the face "of a restless population," pressing out into new regions, "leaving laws and Gos-

pel to overtake it if they can; *for in the march of modern civilization both are left behind.*" The philosophy embodied in that sentence is no doubt correct; but the assumption of its last clause is not according to the facts in the case. The westward movement of our population, which became fairly established during the first quarter of the present century, and which has continued to flow on with an ever-increasing volume, though it seldom carried with it the outward forms of church-life, nevertheless bore to the frontier homes of the hardy pioneers the spirit of the Gospel, which by its own instinctive tendencies originates the body in which it is to abide. A civil government and religious institutions seem to spring up spontaneously wherever American civilized society establishes itself. That would, indeed, be a most un-American band of emigrants, that after pitching their tents, and beginning the rude work of a "settlement," should be found not to have among themselves those who could put in form the needed social compact, or, when the Sabbath-day should come, could not bring together the essential elements and conditions of the Christian Church. Our frontier settlements, now grown to be great and wealthy States, and collectively having become a great empire, with only the sovereign people for its Caesar, were saved from barbarism and anarchy because the emigrants themselves were neither barbarians nor anarchists; and they were not such because they had been reared in the atmosphere of a Christian civilization, which they also bore with them to their distant homes. At the end of its first century the American Republic had demonstrated its capability of indefinite expansion without the loss of either civil liberty protected and regulated by law, or of either the spirit or the forms of the Church of the New Testament,—provided always, that its emigrant communities shall be composed of the native stock of Americans.

The danger intimated in the remark quoted from Mr. Southey was not a merely imaginary one. It was real, and the evils foreboded could have been escaped only by the very causes that were used. Other men as wise as he, and much nearer to things referred to, saw in them the same dangers, and trembled for the result. The religious element in the social body, as it existed in the original

States of the Republic, might seem adequate to the maintenance of the social order, and to bring them to a still higher plane of moral and intellectual development; but in the isolated hamlets and scattered lodges of pioneers, with but few of the restraints and incentives of civilized life to hold men to their integrity, and especially to educate the young to self-discipline, and to a proper appreciation of the morally excellent, a much harder strain would necessarily be made upon the more conservative elements of society—calling for a corresponding force and intensity of the religious life of the people. And yet for this no adequate provisions had been made, and there was, indeed, only too good grounds for the fear that the great valley of the Mississippi and its branches, and the newer parts of the Sunny South-land, would become wide wastes of moral and spiritual desolation, and, therefore, regions of social anarchy and revolutionary volcanoes. But the Divine Providence ordered otherwise, and strangely interposed by the ministry of the Spirit to save the land in this the day of its peril.

Among the great and remarkable events that mark our country's history no second place is due to the great religious revival that occurred in the West and South-west during the early part of the present century. Our ordinary historical records, which are made up almost entirely of political and military affairs, say but little about it, and even our religious annals treat of it but sparingly and altogether insufficiently. Soon after the opening of the century a remarkable work of religious quickening began to appear in what was then the far West, especially in Kentucky and Tennessee, as these parts were then much more largely populated than was the territory north of the Ohio; while beyond the Mississippi all was still an uninhabited waste. But as the years rolled on, and settlers poured into the North-west Territory, there also the work of revival prevailed with the same wonderful power. Probably never since the day of Pentecost have there been greater displays of the power of the Holy Spirit over men's hearts and minds, and that not for a day, or a single year; but during whole lustrums and decades of years, and probably in no other instances have whole communities been so deeply and thoroughly moved. The history of this re-

markable movement has been written only in part, and the fragments so recorded have never been properly collated and digested, and only a few of those who witnessed these things, or heard of them from the lips of those who were subjects or active agents of these things now remain. But though their story may never be told, yet the results of these things remain in the best elements of the characters of the people of those regions, and in their better moralities and Christian civilization. These appear outwardly, in the forms of Church organizations, and literary and charitable institutions; but, for the greater part, like the rain and the sunshine that pass out of sight to appear again in the verdure of Summer, and the fruitage of Autumn, so this marvellous visitation of divine grace is perpetuated in all the best social elements of those parts.

At the end of the first quarter of the century and largely as the results of the great revival, the whole West has become filled up with ministers and churches, and the most essential appliances of religion and Church life. The Presbyterian Church was especially honored of God in having some of its ministers used as chief actors in this work; but its organism was found quite too inelastic for the demands of the occasion, and the Cumberland Presbyterian Church came into existence to meet the emergency. The Methodist itinerancy, conjoined to the essential spiritual life of Methodism, made it the specially adapted agency of the Holy Ghost in the promotion of this great work, and of conserving and perpetuating its results. It was as an attacking force perfectly mobilized and ready to carry the Gospel to the most distant outposts; and yet in all its aggressive movements it carried with it the elements of an ecclesiastical organism, so that wherever it came it pitched its tents and possessed the land, for a perpetual habitation. As a form and development of the spirit of religious culture, it reached to every point wherever the cabin of the settler had been erected; and ready when the restless frontiersman should press out for the regions beyond, to follow in his tracks, and to preach to him the Gospel in his new home.

The spiritual influences generated among the people by that remarkable revival, cultivated as they were by those upon whom that duty devolved, hushed into obedience and

quiet the wild natures of the frontiers-man, and became also an inspiration and an incitement to self-respect and well doing according to God's Word. The mighty men who led on that work with so much zeal and self-sacrifice, and also with signal abilities especially adapted to their work, were the real conservators of the Christian civilization of all that vast region, having now its millions of inhabitants. They brought the Gospel to the people in demonstration of the Spirit and in power; and the people heard it, believed, and were saved, and because they were themselves saved by the Gospel, they were every one of them civilized men and the abiding friends and defenders of social order.

Next in importance to the direct spiritual influences of religion as a civilizing agency is to be reckoned the practical agency of the Church in the promotion of education. Before the civil government had undertaken to ordain and support a system of primary education the Church was engaged in that work all over the land; and no doubt it was by reason of the conviction and sentiment in favor of education, created and fostered by the Church, that at length the municipal and State authorities engaged in that work. But especially in the cause of higher education have the hand and the heart been conspicuous. Almost every collegiate institution in the land, out of which have come forth our ablest statesmen and jurists and scholars and men of letters, by which the affairs of the nation have been guided, and our civilization maintained and elevated, has originated in the enlightened zeal and liberality of ecclesiastical bodies. And even now, after all that has been done by the State and by secular bodies, and notwithstanding the prestige which the cause of advanced learning has gained in the country, it still depends for its chief support upon the Churches. And while the Church has thus been the steady friend and most munificent patron of the schools, it has also been their most salutary guide and guardian. Churchmen have been the educators of our young men, who, by virtue of the higher purposes awakened in them, and the higher attainments reached through the aid of such teachers, and especially by virtue of their better morals, became leaders in the affairs of the nation and the

dictators of public opinion. To a very large extent it may be claimed that the very best elements in the culture of the country have come directly through the agencies of the Church; while nearly every commendable quality that characterizes us as a people may be indirectly traced to the same source.

The characteristics of the American Church, down to within forty years of the present time, were those of a pervading Protestantism, of a decidedly evangelical type. It is indeed the same still, though in a somewhat diminished degree, as to both numerical proportions and intensity of character. The incoming deluge of foreign-born Romanists and Rationalists, that had then begun to be felt in the masses of the people, as yet was only unnaturalized elements. The flood had not yet coalesced with the native mass, nor to any considerable degree affected either the political or social affairs of the country. The American character of that date had been fashioned by properly national influence and agencies. It was liberal and intelligent; law-abiding and God-fearing; moral, thrifty, and liberty-loving. Intemperance, violations of law, Sabbath desecration, profanity and pauperism were all relatively diminishing. Churches and schools had steadily increased by a greater ratio than had the population, and the members of the evangelical Church the most rapidly of all. So far, the experiment of a free Church in a free State was eminently successful, and seems to promise like success for all the future. Our present survey comes down only to the fourth decade of the century; since then, no doubt, some marked changes have occurred, not all of them for the better.

The doctrinal opinions of the people were very generally in agreement with the accepted symbols of the principal Protestant bodies of the land, somewhat softened, perhaps, as to some of the more severe tenets of the Reformed Churches, as distinguished from the Lutheran and the Anglican. That incomparable summary of things believed, called the Apostles' Creed, comprised a fair *consensus* of the faith of American Protestantism, as indeed, it always has done. The people believed in God; his person, character, and dispensations; in Christ, as God manifested in the flesh; and in the Holy Ghost, as God dwelling among his people in power; and so thoroughly were these ground

truths of religion wrought into the common character of the people, that till now these are the only religious beliefs found among them; for whoever abandons these becomes by a sure process a universal unbeliever and "nihilist." The prevalent notion of sin brings every soul into relations of personal responsibility to God, entailing condemnation and menacing the guilty with assurances of eternal perdition. And out of such views of the divine holiness and of the sins of the world the Scriptural doctrine of redemption through Christ comes readily into acceptance, and the necessity for the regeneration of depraved human nature becomes obvious. And to this form of faith the utmost degree of stability was given by the accompanying conviction of the truth and the sufficiency in all matters of faith of the Holy Scriptures. No other fact is more remarkable in English-speaking Protestantism than its almost unbounded faith in, and reverence for, the Word of God, amounting, in some cases, to a kind of fetishism, but with the growth of popular intelligence to a sober and rational confidence in its inspiration and divine authenticity.

The methods of the American Church in the exercise of its functions have usually been distinctively evangelistical. Its attitude toward the world has always been aggressive. Going after the people, warning them of their danger and persuading them to be saved, calling them to repentance; telling them of the divine clemency to the repentant, and also of the certainty and the fearfulness of the doom of the finally impenitent. Unquestioning faith in the Gospel, its truth and its sufficiency, characterized the pulpit utterances of the Church in America, during the period under discussion; and this full faith of the pulpit inspired a like faith among those that heard; for in no other particular is the adage, "like priest, like people," more invariably applicable, than in respect to faith and unbelief.

Another element of the power of American Protestantism, and one of inestimable practical value, is the close connection declared and insisted upon between religion and morality. In this particular Protestantism stands alone among the religions of the world; for

while all forms of heathenism entirely divorce the two, both the Romish and the Greek Churches have made formally religious observances substitutes for personal morality. But deriving its lessons from the Bible, and especially from the teachings of Christ, and the discipline of the apostolical Church, Protestantism accepts morality as the inseparable accompaniment of a religious life, and so closely united with it, that where this is found that can not be wanting, and conversely, where the moral conduct is certainly and characteristically defective, the same must be true of the religious life. Accordingly, just in proportion as the Church becomes a confessed authority among the people does the tone of public morals rise, and vicious practices and sentiments fall into disrepute. In this thing, therefore, the power of the Church operates directly and very effectively in favor of the best interests of society. The wrong-doing which the law seeks to prevent by penalties against transgressors, the Church seeks to render impossible by the power of a new life.

That universal and awful authority, which speaks to all men out of the Bible, commanding just and righteous conduct in all things, is in the Gospel coupled with infinite kindness and grace, which, when received into the soul, becomes itself an effectual impulse toward all goodness. The morality of the Gospel is the bond and vital element of all social and civil bodies; and as it is the glory of Protestantism to have made this no secondary part of its religion, so Protestant Churches and ministers are set for the promotion of a pure morality among the people. That they did so, during the times spoken of, is to their praise, as it was inestimably to the advantage of the commonwealth. By their so doing, the Church in their day became at once a renewing and a conservative force in society, raising the nation to a higher spiritual plane, and making public quiet and security and good government possible. At another time, we may consider the changes of the last forty years in respect to these things, as respects both the constitution of society in the country, and the spirit and action of the Church, as a social and political force.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

INTEMPERANCE IN ENGLAND.—The average American does not drink. The gentleman and the Christian respects himself too much to make a beast of himself. A sot is any thing but a man. Americans delight to consider themselves above ordinary human intelligence. They read more than any other nationality. The Germans are the writers of the world; the Americans the readers. The English care too much for their body, the French care little for any thing else. Of course there are exceptions; we are writing of the rule. Intemperance once threatened to become a vice among us. It has lost ground daily, and we are on the eve of being established on temperance ground and of being owned as the most temperate people on the face of the earth. Our perseverance to be rid of all the habits of strong drink has become a matter of interest to the world across the sea. The Germans, who are proverbially beer-drinkers, have established temperance societies; the French, whose very name is almost a synonym for wine, have held mass-meetings, in true republican fashion, and have resolved and re-resolved that "wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." The Latin race has not been very much addicted to quoting Scripture so long as the Church of Rome has held sway over it, but Protestantism is gaining ground within its borders, and so the Bible is coming to be an open book. With this enlightenment comes manhood of a nobler sort, and we need not look surprised at French declarations of temperance principles. The English have always prided themselves in their religious natures. Talk to an Englishman who has seen the world and he will be sure to tell you that of all countries he has seen England is the most moral. Keep on talking, make the round of the world, and at last he will be obliged to wind up his conversation by an acknowledgment of his country's only weakness, "Our national and horrible vice is drunkenness." Professor Lacroix, after a recent visit to England, says:

"The spectacle of intemperance, as seen in the large English cities, is simply appalling.

The gin-palace is omnipresent. . . . Stares you in the face wherever you turn; stands open day and night. Its streams flow as constantly as those of a public fountain. Its doors are thrown wider than the gates of day; and of the stream of its visitants there is no interruption, and scarcely any ebb. Save during the official hours of public worship and the very early hours of the morning the work of perdition goes forward with the incessantness of the lapse of time or the flow of a Niagara. On my way home from Church at 9 P. M., on a Sabbath, I stepped in at several large establishments on a great street—Westminster Road—to glance at the work going on within. It was a terrible image of the multitudes that throng the gates of death. The whole standing space was blocked with men and women elbowing their way to the fountains of death. *In* flowed the stream at one passage-way and *out* at the other. Behind the marble counter stood men and young women and boys dispensing the glasses with the rapidity and continuousness of clock-work; and every-where the scene was the same. In the back part of the room there was coarse talk; but at the counter there was absolute silence—there was nothing but the monotonous clinking of the money and the instantaneous gulping down of the gin or whisky. . . . I visited similar places in other great thoroughfares of the city, in the Strand, in Lombard Street, in Moorgate Street; every-where the spectacle was the same."

American temperance evangelists have battled against this formidable foe of the Britisher, but hitherto in vain. At last there comes a ray of hope from another quarter. The English Church has taken the matter in hand finally. Her prelates are abandoning the cup of intoxication, her clergy give hearty support to "The Church of England Temperance Society;" his grace, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and his grace, the Archbishop of York, are its presidents; and among its vice-presidents are the Lord Bishop of London, the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, the Lord Bishop of Peterborough, the Lord Bishop of St. David's, the Lord Bishop of Exeter, the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, the Lord Bishop of Lichfield, the Lord Bishop of Llandaff, the Lord Bishop of Durham, the Lord Bishop of Carlisle, the Lord Bishop of Ripon, the Lord Bishop of British Columbia,

the Lord Bishop of Chichester, the Lord Bishop of Winchester, the Lord Bishop of Chester, the Lord Bishop of Manchester, the Lord Bishop of Gibraltar, the Lord Bishop of Victoria, the Lord Bishop of Sierra Leone, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Trower, the Very Rev. the Dean of Carlisle, the Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of York, the Venerable Archdeacon Bickersteth, with many other prelates and earls and members of Parliament. This organization aims at three objects: the promotion of temperate habits, the reform of the inebriate, and the lessening of the temptations to intemperance. This end is to be reached by moral, educational, social, and legislative means. It is hoped that public opinion will be made so sound that the hands of the magistrate will be strengthened in the execution of the laws against intemperance; that local option laws will follow, and that recreations and amusements will be adopted in which intemperance will have no part. A critical Frenchman once wrote that Englishmen are barbarians of the North, and of their need "to shout, to drink, to gesticulate, to feel their veins heated and swollen with wine, to hear and see around them the riotous orgies." It were time that no such picture could be drawn of any Christian people.

ITALIAN COMMEMORATION OF ANTI-PAPAL ACTS.—In the Trastevere, near the Vatican, stands a house, which, in 1867, was the scene of a horrible affray. It was held by a company of sixteen patriots under the lead of a woman, Judith Travanni, against the Pope's troops. The latter prevailed at last, and massacred the company, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. Ten years have passed, and now the Trasteverines have set up a monument in the wall of the house in honor of the seventeen persons "butchered by the Pontifical mercenaries." The tablet has just been inaugurated, amid a great concourse of people, with speeches by working-men, very eloquent and very extreme, denouncing the Pope and the clergy and the Government that parleys with them. The inauguration was openly intended as a "demonstration of pious reverence for the fallen, of protest against the power in whose name they were assassinated, and of faith toward freedom and father-land which those heroes hallowed with their noble blood."

The clerical organs are, however, still obdurate, and outrage popular sympathies by stigmatizing the victimized sovereign, and the hiring instruments of despotism as "brave fellows," who, on that occasion, "saved Rome from a great catastrophe."

ADVANTAGE OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—Not only commerce and politics gain by international intercourse. Learning, too, has been greatly benefited by the coming together of the nations of the earth at the last exposition. Savants of Europe and Asia there met to compare notes on many questions of far-reaching consequence. Thus the copy-right question was discussed under the leadership of no less a man than the author of "Napoleon the Little"—the great Hugo. Another important meeting was that of the ethnographers to compare notes on many still unsolved problems. Perhaps not the least instructive of all the lectures delivered under the auspices of the Ethnographical International Congress, was that by Joseph Halévy, who gave important particulars of the morals and ethics of Central Arabia, and in particular of the ancient realm, Saba, into which he had penetrated. In this region the traveler discovered traces of civilization, which for centuries must have passed away. Mr. Halévy has taken great pains to describe the merits and virtues of the Arabians, descendants of the former Sabans. Among many important facts is the following item of interest: Central Arabia is divided among a great many tribes, who are continually at war with each other, and almost every-where he found three castes, a kind of nobles, laborers, and Jews. The Jews are only permitted to learn trades and work as artisans; they are mere slaves, but slaves who are permitted to select their own master, or different masters, as they may choose, but these must give security for the protection of their servants, and, what seems most remarkable, they are all faithful to their word or contract.

DECLINE OF ITALIAN TASTE.—Time was when a journey to Italy meant a pilgrimage to the shrine of art. Not only the thousand and one masterpieces of long deceased masters of the brush and the chisel, but the quaint structures of Genoa and Perugia and a hundred other towns became the dream of the half-enchanted traveler. Modern Italian taste

has no regard for ancient things, and the iconoclastic tendency which is its mark of positive decline removes in its mania for flimsy and vulgar improvements all that once delighted the northern visitor and gave to Italia its great characteristics. What ruin has been wrought in Florence is but too well known. It were well if that Etruscan city alone marked the decline of Italian taste. Genoa, too, has caught the improvement fever, and the many characteristics of that once beautiful city will be lost never to appear again. The zigzag walks of olden times have given place to straight, steep streets, contradicting every characteristic Genoese charm by a width which deprives the passenger of the necessary shade, and by a totally indistinctive architecture, from her center up the spurs of the mountains at her back. Whatever comes in the way, historic gate or frescoed palace, is ruthlessly cut through. Purposes of commerce are naturally dear to the local mind, and the traveling dilettante must try to persuade himself into some sympathy with it, but utility is decidedly against this "Haussmannisation;" the increased steepness of straight lines renders traffic difficult, and the struggles of mules, shod with long, curled up shoes, up the interminable pavement, are as tedious as they are painful to witness. These great cities, once more beautiful in themselves than even in their art treasures, are becoming mere museums without life or present beauty.

SALMON FISHING IN NORWAY.—This country of the North is the very elysium of the

pisciculturist. The whole world pays homage to the fishermen of Norway. Nowhere else is there such an opportunity for the angler. Pity old Izaak Walton could not have lived in these days of steam and electricity. But if he lost the golden opportunity of "going a-fishing" in Icelandic waters, his countrymen of to-day are making such good use of their time, that the father of pisciculturists shall not look down upon them and blush for very shame. Of course every Englishman is a sporting character; if he were not, what would become of the buffalo on our prairies? We have heard more than once of the surprised "Angellander," who, landing on our shores, found New York quite a way yet from the haunts of Indians, and his favorite game, and about as much of a journey before him, as he had put behind. No such trouble awaits the Englishman when he lands on Norway's narrow-bound shores, and so salmon fishing off that coast has become the favorite pastime of the average Britisher. If there is any one thing that will tax a man's patience to exhaustion it is the fishing sport. There is nothing equal to the hope of a happy combination. Sportsmen tell us that to the man "going a-fishing," the whole charm of sport would be dispelled if it became a dead certainty, and he knew that he would kill so many pounds of fish one day and none the next. No; like the glorious uncertainty of cricket, the uncertainty of sport is one of its charms; the average of good or bad is equalized, and the old French proverb comes in that "*Patience et longueur de temps sont plus que le sage.*"

ART.

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER AT JERUSALEM.

THE labors of the English and American Palestine Exploring Societies have been very rich in results to Biblical history and Biblical interpretation. It is difficult to set too high a value on these results, and scholars must count it a great and rare good fortune that the work of examination and record in the case of these interesting sites of an earlier civilization has fallen into hands so thoroughly competent to accomplish it in a scientific manner.

From the time when Robinson and Smith made American scholarship so honorable in the eyes even of the *savants* of Europe by the publication of their exhaustive "Researches," Palestine has been visited by a goodly number of earnest students, each of whom has made valuable contributions to some department of Biblical study. It is not surprising that the art of the Holy Land should have engaged the attentive study of the most thoughtful. The almost innate tendency of mankind to mark the site of im-

portant events by some monument by which these may be perpetuated would lead us to expect that Palestine would be a land specially rich in art remains. But these expectations are not entirely realized. Such monuments have, indeed, been reared; but the successive floods of invasion which have swept over this strange land have obliterated every trace of many of the richest and most important which might aid in interpreting many now dark chapters in the history of the changing peoples.

Even the few monuments of a Christian origin which remain are still the subject of sharpest controversy by the art-archæologists. None have been more fiercely debated than the site of the Holy Sepulcher. The visitor to Jerusalem during the Easter festivities is shocked and disgusted by the manifestations of bigotry and ignorance on the part of the rival sects. He tires of the squabbles; and the baseless traditions which are repeated to prove the identity of the spot where was buried the Crucified One are a source of vexation. Yet this is a question of deepest interest to others than ignorant and deluded worshipers, and must continue to enlist the profound studies of the Christian archæologist in its solution. Some thirty years ago, as is well known, Mr. Fergusson, the able writer on the History of Architecture, published his interesting suggestion that the building commonly known as the Mosque of Omar, which was always considered to be built over the area of the Temple, and which is now called by the Mohammedans the "Dome of the Rock," is really the building which the Emperor Constantine erected over the Sepulcher of our Lord; and that the gate in the eastern wall of the temple inclosure, known as the Golden Gate, is, in truth, the great gate which gave access to the atrium of Constantine's Basilica of the Resurrection. This suggestion was, at the time, so strange and so in opposition to long-established belief, that it was received with strong opposition.

In a recent work, "The Temples of the Jews," Mr. Fergusson has examined the discoveries of the Palestine Exploration Committee as bearing on this subject, answers the objections to his theory, and adduces what he regards new arguments in its behalf. The principle which guides Fergusson in this investigation is manifestly a correct one; namely,

"that the architectural argument, based on the style of a building, is to be absolutely relied upon as to the date of any building in any of the ancient styles of architecture known to us." The question in controversy between Mr. Fergusson and his critics is this: was the place which was pointed out to Constantine as the sepulcher of the Lord, and which he richly adorned with splendid marbles and surrounded with porticoes, that known as the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, or that known as the "Dome of the Rock?" It does seem that there has been preserved to our time a sufficiently full and accurate description of the spot and of the building and surroundings built by Constantine to warrant us in believing that the spot now occupied by the Church of the Holy Sepulcher must be preferred to that of the "Dome of the Rock."

Eusebius, the contemporary and biographer of Constantine, has left quite satisfactory accounts of these transactions, and other writers of that same period have given descriptions of the surroundings. The successive attempts to destroy these Christian structures by the Persians, the Mohammedans and others have been recorded; hence this line of evidence must be carefully examined. So, too, must the "architectural argument" have its place and strength in this controversy. All of these have been arrayed in proper order by Mr. Fergusson and his critics. It is probable that the recent work of Mr. Fergusson will not carry conviction to those who challenged the correctness of his argument thirty years ago; and it must be conceded that the powerful authority of even this remarkable writer will hardly convert archæologists to his theory.

The critics of the theory of Mr. Fergusson claim that the Dome of the Rock, a fine octagonal building about one hundred and fifty feet across, with an internal colonnade which carries a very exceptionally fine dome, is built over a mass of rough rock which rises through the pavement to a height of five feet, and occupies a great part of the area; that this Rock was a sacred place and the building was erected to inclose it and the dome to cover it; that beneath the rock is a cave, which contains an area of more than five hundred square feet, and about seven feet high. On the other hand, the holy sepulcher is a rock, now standing above the ground, containing two chambers,

cased within and without with marble. In the second chamber, on the right side, is a low shelf, large enough to contain a single body. The opponents of Mr. Fergusson strongly claim that the description given by Eusebius of the place of the holy sepulcher "a rock standing out erect, and having only a cavern within;" and St. Cyril's account that "the monument is in fashion as a church," do not at all accord with the "Dome of the Rock;" but tally well with the peculiarities of the present site of the Holy Sepulcher. These critics further urge that in A. D. 614, Chosroes II, king of Persia, destroyed the churches of Jerusalem, and in A. D. 1010, the Caliph El Hokim ordered the complete destruction of the Christian temples, and this order was ruthlessly executed. Now if the building of the "Dome of the Rock," is the one built over the sepulcher, how is it standing now, while the present Church of the Sepulcher is a building of the eleventh or twelfth century? Again, when and by what motive were the builders of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher induced to transfer their building from the eastern, the true site, to the western hill, a fictitious site? It must be confessed that the difficulties in the way of adopting Mr. Fergusson's theory are almost insuperable. If this were just a case of pure archæological inquiry comparative little importance would attach to it; but when it connects with questions of great importance touching the passion of our Lord, it is not surprising that the question is still discussed with vigor.

THE CHRISTIAN CATACOMBS—DÉ ROSSI'S THIRD VOLUME.

THE Christian Catacombs at Rome have been a subject of profoundest interest to the student of Christian art and archæology for more than two and a half centuries. The uninitiated are surprised that these monuments have so absorbed the attention of scholars, and have even challenged the aid of the foremost governments of Europe to explore and illustrate their buried treasures. The pioneer in the methodical study of the Roman Catacombs, Antonio Bosio, spent more than thirty years (1597-1629) in removing the rubbish, laying bare the art treasures, copying the inscriptions, gathering the utensils and illustrating the life and spirit of the sleepers in these five

hundred and fifty miles of tombs. Father Boldetti was, if possible, even more enthusiastic and greatly Bosio's superior in scientific spirit, spending likewise more than thirty years in preparing his great work, "Observations on the Cemeteries of the Holy Martyrs and Ancient Christians of Rome." Both these enthusiastic priests were outdone by the renowned, most learned and painstaking Seroux d'Agincourt, who went to Rome for the purposes of studying Christian archæology for six months; but prosecuted there his laborious investigations for nearly half a century, and left behind him a work which is still noted for its profound discussions and most careful discriminations. In our time the foremost explorer and most careful student of these curious remains of an early Christian life is the Chevalier dé Rossi. His plan, embraced two branches of work; namely, the careful publication of all the inscriptions found in the Christian Catacombs, now amounting to nearly twelve thousand; and a general work on the Catacombs, including a general description of the structures, the age, the origin, the use, the remains, the art, and the lessons concerning the doctrines and life of the early Christians. The first volume of "Inscriptions," containing one thousand three hundred and seventy-four, appeared in 1861. The first volume of his "*Roma Sotterranea Cristiana*," was issued in 1864, the second in 1869, and the third has just appeared. The great interest in these publications is enhanced by the fact that no man of our time is so thoroughly prepared for this work as dé Rossi himself. Deeply read in patristic and earlier Christian history, a carefully trained linguist and student of art, he also brings to his labors a thoroughly scientific and judicial spirit, which is manifest on every page. These works of dé Rossi will leave little more to be desired in connection with that portion of the Catacombs which is here treated. This third volume was originally intended to finish the work, but this is not yet complete, since a considerable number of articles are yet unincorporated into any of these invaluable volumes. For example, it was the author's purpose to give in this third volume a description of the important Catacomb St. Pretestatus. But the owner of a villa which commanded the entrance refused admission thereto, claiming it as his own property to control.

Of the contents of this third volume we may say that they can not be expected to be of such interest and importance as those of the first two volumes. Compared with the earlier explorations in St. Calixtus, whose descriptions are found in the second volume, the 'Arenarium' of Hippolytus and other excavations are meagre, and add comparatively little to the value and the range of subjects. In many other respects this volume is of very great and permanent value. Some of the colored lithographs, as for example that of the well-known picture of the five "Orantes," give us excellent opportunity to judge of the peculiar art of the Catacombs without a special visit to the Eternal City. It could not be reasonably hoped that even *dé Rossi's* interpretation of the teaching of all this varied mass of material would be indorsed by the archaeologists. It is not marvelous that in several respects the adherent to Protestant principles should be inclined to dissent from certain expressed conclusions. A few statements cause surprise, since they are made in spite of what has usually been regarded by the most able investigators a triumphant refutation of their truthfulness. Certain other conclusions reached are too favorable to the peculiar claims of the Romish Church, and are not the result of a fair induction. Perfect impartiality is not, perhaps, possible in a work so intimately related to Polemics; but it is certainly a cause for genuine congratulation that we have in our hands three volumes so thoroughly and conscientiously

prepared on a subject which must ever be of deepest interest to the student of the primitive Christian Church.

The time is happily now past when these monuments are yielded to the Romish Church for its exclusive interpretation. Within the past thirty years some able men of the Protestant Churches have devoted their lives to this department of study, and the result is, Rome has been routed on her own favorite and chosen battle-field. The case of Mr. Hemans, a nephew of the poetess, is but one of many. This enthusiastic young divine of the Church of England went over to the communion of the Catholic Church, through a conviction that the latter was more in accord with the spirit and practices of primitive Christianity. On visiting Rome, however, he entered upon the careful study of Christian monuments *in situ* and in the museums, and was thus fully convinced of the invalidity of the claims of the Romish Church, and like an honest man he returned to the Anglican Church. So it is in every case. No more overwhelming evidence can anywhere be found than that afforded by the Christian Catacombs to convict Rome of a most gross and sad departure from the simplicity and purity of the Apostolic Church, and no better work on Protestant Apologetics can be put into the hands of the people than a clear and vigorous statement of the facts and arguments suggested by these early Christian monuments. They are unanswerable.

NATURE.

THE BUZZING OF INSECTS.—The old naturalists generally thought that the buzzing of insects was produced by vibrations of the wings, but they had scarcely attempted to analyze this phenomenon when Réaumur showed that when the wings of a blow-fly are cut it will continue to buzz. Other explanations of the phenomenon have been advanced by various naturalists, but none of them are satisfactory. M. Jousset de Bellesme has been making some investigations on the subject; and, after proving that previous theories are at fault, he describes his own researches. To avoid confu-

sion, it should be distinctly understood what is meant by buzzing. In scientific acceptation it means to imitate the sound of the humble-bee, which is the type of buzzing insects. But the humble-bee gives out two very different sounds, which are an octave of each other—a grave sound when it flies and a sharp sound when it alights. By buzzing, then, is meant the faculty of insects to produce two sounds at an octave. This definition limits the phenomenon to the hymenoptera and the diptera. The coleoptera often produce in flying a grave and dull sound, but they are powerless to emit

the sharp sound, and consequently do not buzz. There are two or three ascertained facts which will serve to guide in the interpretation of the phenomenon. First it is indisputable that the grave sound always accompanies the great vibrations of the wings. It is easily seen that this sound commences as soon as the wings begin to move, and that if the wings be cut off it disappears entirely. The sharp sound is never, on the contrary, produced during flight; it is only observed from the great vibrations of the wings when the insect alights, or when it is held so as to hinder its movements, and in that case the wing is seen to be animated by a rapid trembling. It is also produced when the wings are taken away. From these two remarks the conclusion may be drawn that the grave sound belongs properly to the wings, that it is caused by their greatest movements. There is here no difficulty. As to the sharp sound it is certainly not produced by the wings since it survives the absence of these. Yet the wings participate in it and undergo a particular trembling during the production of this sound. To discover the cause it is necessary to go back to the mechanism of the movement of the wing. It is known that among nearly all insects the muscles which serve for flight are not inserted in the wing itself, but in the parts of the thorax which support it, and that it is the movement of these that acts on the wing and makes it vibrate. The form of the thorax changes with each movement of the wing under the action of the contraction of the thoracic muscles. The muscular masses intended for flight being very powerful, this vibratory movement of the thorax is very intense, as may be proved by holding one of these insects between the fingers. But as the vibrations are repeated two or three hundred times per second, they give rise to a musical sound, which is the sharp sound. In fact, the air which surrounds the thorax is set in vibration by that directly, and without the wing taking part in it. There are then two simultaneous sounds, one produced by the vibration of the wings and the other by the thorax, the latter twice as rapid as the former, and therefore an octave higher.

MILK-TRANSFUSION.—Notwithstanding the fact that the possibility of preserving life by means of the introduction of the blood of a

healthy individual into the circulation of one suffering either from great loss or impoverishment of the vital fluid has been known from remotest antiquity, and that the operation of "transfusion" has been practiced with more or less frequency up to the present time, it must be admitted that we hear of remarkably few cases where it is resorted to even by its most strenuous indorsers. The great tendency of blood to coagulate, and the known fact that a small quantity of air entering the circulation during the process is sufficient to cause death, seems to deter the boldest from hazarding the experiment except in desperate cases. Could another vital fluid be found free from the disadvantages that attend the use of blood while possessing all the life-giving properties of the latter, it is manifest that it would prove a great acquisition to the practice of surgery. Dr. T. Gaillard Thomas has communicated to the *New York Medical Journal* a paper to prove "that in the milk of the cow, and probably also in that of other mammals, we possess just such a fluid." Dr. Thomas represents many cases in which the injection of milk into the venous blood, as it goes to the heart, has been tried by him upon human beings with marked success. He points out the fact that while chemically inferior to blood, milk is more allied to chyle (the material of which nature makes blood) than any other fluid with which we are acquainted; and in injecting milk into the veins we are imitating nature very closely in one of her most simple physiological processes. In conclusion, Dr. Thomas states that after lengthy consideration and considerable experience, he would be false to his own convictions if he did not predict for "intra-venous lacteal injection" a brilliant and useful future.

UTILIZATION OF WASTE PRODUCTS.—The glycerine industry, which has attained colossal proportions, is a notable illustration of a great manufacture based entirely upon the savings of a product that until quite recently was regarded as a waste of the soap boiler. Even more important in magnitude may be estimated the industries connected with the manufacture of aniline colors and artificial alizarine from the refuse coal-tar, which was formerly the curse and nuisance of the gas-works. The waste blood of abattoirs is sought by the sugar refiner and the manufacturer of albumen. Old

boots and shoes are turned to good account by the chemist in producing the ferro-cyanides, so indispensable in color printing and photography. Sawdust mixed with blood or other agglutinative substance, and compressed by powerful pressure, is molded and turned into door-knobs, buttons, and a thousand decorative and useful articles; or as is the case with the spent tan of tanneries, and the spent bark of the dye-works, is utilized for fuel. The waste of linseed oil manufacture is eagerly sought for as food for cattle. The waste ashes of wood-fires are leached for potash. River mud is mingled with chalk, burnt and ground, to make the famous Portland cement. The finest glue-size is made of the waste of parchment skins. The waste gases of the blast furnace are now employed to heat the blast, and even the slag that has for years served to decorate the hill-side, is cast into building and paving-blocks, granulated for building sand, or ground for cement; or, mixed with appropriate chemicals, is made into common grades of glass, or is blown by a steam jet into the finest threads, forming a curious "wool," used largely as a heat-insulating protector upon steam pipes, roofs, etc. The waste heat of the lime-kiln is made to generate steam and warm immense public buildings, and the "exhaust" of the steam engine must do duty in heating the feed-water. Instances like the above might be multiplied almost indefinitely to demonstrate how invention has enabled us to reap advantages where none were supposed to exist.

PURE TEAS.—A delegation, representing a prominent tea importing house, which is endeavoring to promote the introduction of pure teas from China to supplant in the American market those which are colored and adulterated, recently visited Washington to call upon the Chinese Minister. The object was to obtain an approval of their views with regard to the desirability of a change. The Minister said, through his interpreter, that the various brands of tea sold in America and Europe are unknown to the tea consumer in China. They are especially prepared by the Chinese tea exporters for the foreign market. They are colored by the use of chemicals; and the process, together with the peculiar methods of fixing up teas for foreign markets, not only renders the plant less palatable and beneficial, but

more expensive. The adulteration and coloring of teas are wholly in consequence of the demand which has existed for such teas. The Minister expressed the opinion that if the Board of Trade in New York and China would make known the fact that pure teas are not only better but cheaper, it would benefit both producer and consumer. There is, he said, really only one kind of tea plant, and from this both the green and black teas are produced. The equivalents for the two terms "green" and "black" do not signify to the Chinese the color of the tea, as in America; but have reference to the period of gathering, "green" indicating to them, as in "green corn," not a color, but a state of immaturity. Yung Wing, the Minister, also said that he saw no reason, except the want of Chinese labor, why tea could not be profitably grown in America. Chinamen are employed even in Japan to superintend the work of culture and preparation, and would be a necessary part of the same work here.

THE SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION OF WASPS' NESTS.—A correspondent of *Nature*, writing from Caracas, says that some time ago a dwelling in that city had quite a narrow escape from being set on fire by the spontaneous combustion of the large paper-like nest of a wasp, in a closet under the roof. The day was exceedingly hot, but this was thought to have slight connection, if any, with the outbreak of smoke from the nest. In that country roofs are constructed of tiles supported by a thick layer of compact earth, which rests on the usual lath work of dry canes, or arborescent grass, both being bad conductors of heat. The source of heat, therefore, must have been in the nest itself. The temperature in beehives sometimes rises many degrees above that of the surrounding air, and it may be supposed that something similar occasionally happens in wasps' nests. Such a heat might be caused by the alteration beginning in the wax, hydrocarbons being formed, which, on being absorbed by the paper-like porous substance of the cell walls, must become still more heated, so that a comparatively small access of oxygen would be sufficient to set the whole nest on fire. It has been asserted that the spontaneous combustion of wasps' nests is a well-known occurrence in the interior of Venezuela.

RELIGIOUS.

OLD CATHOLICISM IN SWITZERLAND.—Nowhere has the "new" Catholic Church gained a better footing than in the mountains of Switzerland. Romanism, which has so long had the mastery in certain cantons, has at last found a most formidable foe in children of her own growth, and the determination of many to return to the old Scriptural faith has given life and succor to the Old Catholic movement. In certain portions the movement has grown steadily to become the stronger of the two organizations, and now the question arises under the laws of Switzerland which shall have the church and the Church property of the parish. Appeal to the authorities of the State has brought the decision from the great Council of Berne that the churches belong neither to the one body nor the other, but to the several congregations, who alone can determine what form of worship shall be introduced.

ROMANISM ALWAYS DESTRUCTIVE.—To their sorrow the Catholic princes of Europe have learned slowly but clearly the hard lesson that Romanism is destructive to the State whenever the latter ceases to exist in the interest of Church. In Protestant countries the Papacy has always kept up appearances at toleration and liberality for the sake of preventing too close inquiry into her plans and purposes. The quarrels of ecclesiastic and civil officers in Germany have laid bare much of Rome's iniquity, and she is becoming known as she really is. One of the strongest lights ever turned on to show up Rome we have had recently in the contest between the German crown and the Socialists. Instead of supporting the State against disorder and anarchy, the Romanists have refused to join hands even with the Liberals, and have declared that although they recognize the dangers of the Socialist agitation, they did not consider themselves bound to support the State measures so long as there was war between Pope and Kaiser.

MORE MIRACLES AND PIUS IX RESPONSIBLE.—It is pretty generally known that the last Roman pontiff was a pretty fast youth, and in early life betrayed so little leaning to ecclesiasticism that his latter-day piety

was often doubted by the "infidel" non-Roman world. He was even made Pope because he was believed to be pretty liberal at heart, and more of a politician than an ecclesiastic. But after the fiasco at Gaeta Pius IX became the tool of the Jesuits, and with the ghost of Rossi haunting him, the reinstalled sovereign of Rome did only the bidding of his saviors. Now that he has gone to join the "holy manes," Loyola's successors are devising how to get Pio Nono into the calendar of the saints. The miracle agency has generally proved the easiest and surest, and so some very astonishing miracles are by them industriously reported as having been recently performed through the agency of the late Pope Pius IX; among others the cure of an Augustine nun at Sienna of a bad cancer in the face, by the application to it of a portrait of Pius IX; and of a medical man at Malaga, of a number of diseases, by touching one of the Pope's old stockings. This person, it is said, took immediately an oath never to apply to his patients any other means of cure than that which had succeeded so well with himself. Possibly he had a sore throat, for which such an application is an acknowledged remedy; though why any peculiar efficacy should, under the circumstances, attach to the hose of Pius IX we do not see.

DISESTABLISHMENT OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—The Constitutional Party in the Free Church of Scotland, which is the name by which Dr. Begg and his coadjutors, who want to re-establish that body, are known, have come to the front in the Free Church General Assembly with a resolution holding that "a regard to the glory of Christ, as 'Governor amongst the nations,' the good of our country and of the world, as well as to our own consistency as a Church, require that we should discountenance the present disestablishment agitation." This resolution, which presumably was only a preliminary step to some more affirmative action on the part of the Constitutionals, received but fifty votes. Another resolution, offered by the opposite party, of which the substance is below, was adopted by a vote of 404 to 134: "(1) That the Assembly

do not regard the maintenance of an ecclesiastical establishment as in the present circumstances of this country, the appropriate means of fulfilling the State's obligations in this respect. (2) That the connection subsisting between the Church now established and the State is wholly indefensible, and ought, with as little delay as possible, be brought to a termination." Taking this as a test, Dr. Begg does not seem to represent any considerable element in the Church.

WALDENSIAN CONFERENCE AND SYNOD.—The Fourth General Conference of Waldensian Mission Churches was held at Turin a few weeks ago, and was followed by the Annual Synods of the Churches in the valleys. The Waldensian Church proper consists of fifteen parishes in the valleys and two outside, namely, that of Turin, which was constituted when religious liberty was granted in Northern Italy, and that of the Waldensian Colony of Rosario, on the banks of the La Plata, which has been added this year as the seventeenth parish. The ministers and lay representatives of these parishes, together with the ordained ministers of the Church laboring in the Italian mission field and in the French stations of Nice and Marseilles, constitute the Synod, which now meets annually at La Tour, the principal town of the Valleys. The Conference was composed of one hundred and one members, and presided over by Professor E. Comba, of the Theological Hall, Florence. The topics discussed were largely practical. A report on "Contributions" brought out the following interesting statistics of the mission work: 39 churches; 24 stations; 62 places regularly visited; 4,203 regular attendants on divine service; 15,323 occasional hearers; 2,530 members in full communion, 393 catechumens; 291 members received during the year; 1,840 pupils in day-schools; 1,749 in Sunday-schools; 43,385 lire (about \$8,000) amount of the year's contributions. Reports made to the Synod represent the state of the Church as being most gratifying. Signs of religious awakening, better attendance on divine worship, increased contributions, reviving interest in ecclesiastical matters, greater numbers and improved organization in Sunday and week-day schools, are widely noted. On the roll of the Waldensian ministry there are at

this time sixty-six names, fifty-six of professors and ministers in active service, seven of ministers emeriti, and three of ministers to whom special leave has been granted to serve temporarily other Churches in Paris, Vienna, and Neuchatel. At the Theological College in Florence seventeen students have been in attendance during the year.

A NEW COLLEGE FOR ENGLISH RITUALISTS.—They are at last to have a college of their own. Tractarianism has long been in the ascendency at Oxford, but it is at the new Keble College that Ritualism will hereafter be propagated among those who shall in due time enter the lists of the English clergy. The idea of this new college is said by Canon Liddon to date from the day of Keble's funeral. When all was over at the grave the venerable Tractarian, Dr. Pusey, overwhelmed with grief at the loss of his dearest earthly friend, retired to a bedroom at Hursley Park. There the suggestion of founding such a college was made to him, and he at once eagerly adopted the enterprise, the governing motive of which is to do honor to Mr. Keble's name—to his genius as a religious poet, to his learning as a divine, to the saintliness of his life, and to the beauty and generosity of his character—and to perpetuate Ritualism by living teachers under untrammelled privileges.

SUCCESSFUL SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.—One of the most successful experiments of the English Quakers has been their adult Sunday-schools. In these ignorant grown persons are taught to read the Bible and to write, the writing lessons generally consisting of Scripture passages. The work was started about thirty years ago, and a large part of its success is due to the efforts of the late Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham. There are now over ten thousand scholars in these school, Birmingham having the largest number of any one place, namely fifteen thousand. The scholars are principally artisans and farm laborers.

GREAT GAINS FOR THE REFORMED EPISCOPALIANS.—Many of the parishioners of Littlehampton, England, withdrew from the Church of England on account of dissatisfaction with Ritualistic practices, and organized the "St. Savior Reformed Episcopal Church." The Bishop of Chichester has written them a letter

notifying them that the "Church of England, as by law established, is the Reformed Episcopal Church of this realm, and that no other body of Christians has any right to that title." He also warns them, in view of a notice of confirmation services by Bishop Greg, that "any bishop officiating in this diocese without my sanction is an intruder." Yet notwithstanding this declaration, Bishop Greg has gone forward and rejoices in other numerous accessions, and the new Church promises to assume formidable proportions in England.

MISCELLANEA.—The several clergymen in charge of the Ritualistic Episcopal Church of the Advent, Boston, live in true cenobite style

in a dismal looking house on Stainford Street, near the church. None of them are married, and their celibacy has various ascetic accompaniments. They impress the community as being a company of earnest, well-meaning, but mistaken, men.

—The Old Catholic congregation of Vienna have succeeded, after many rebuffs, in receiving their legal authorization from the Government. They have promptly elected a permanent parish priest in the person of Herr Schwetter, a religious teacher from Moravia. Legal disabilities are now removed, and the Old Catholic priest can baptize, marry, and bury in Austria with the same freedom as in Prussia. Surely the world doth move!

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

THE NORMAN CASTLES.—The castles built in England in the era immediately following the Conquest were so numerous that considered in connection with the enormous number of religious foundations, which date from the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the building activity of that age must be pointed to as unexampled. But not only the number of these castles, their construction also was remarkable. Everything was sacrificed to military necessities, without the slightest concession to any rival consideration. "Not a stone," says the *London Art Magazine*, "was laid except in the strictest conformity with the conditions of the problem, and every inch of the structure, from basement to battlement, was the expression and result of a single purpose. The very profiles of the copings were devised to deflect or check the flight of the arrow, and, indeed, every part of the work bears testimony to the overruling sway of an iron age. The rough fancy of the Norman breaks out here and there in the ornaments he loves so well, and with which the ecclesiastical buildings of the age abound; but never to the prejudice, or even to the apparent weakening of the main purpose of the building. Cushioned capital and zigzag billet and chevron are found; but only in the crypt, or on some inner gateway, or for the adornment of the little oratory, seldom absent, nestling in the thickness of the mighty

walls. Yet, in spite of absence of deliberate artistic aim, the art instinct of their builders is every-where felt. By fortuitous combinations of line and mass the picturesque grandeur of the early castles is not exceeded by any one of the works of man, nor is there probably any class of building over which the world has afforded the artist such universal aid and delight. To the novelist and poet they are a never-failing source of inspiration. Need I mention Scott? The sight of a castle stirs his heart like the sound of a trumpet."

HUNTING WITH THE NIZAM'S CHUTAHS.—We move forward, bound for some knolls and rocks which command an uninterrupted view of the whole plain. Herds of deer are scattered about, lazily couching under the trees, or feeding upon the finer herbage on the margin of the pools. Two cradle-like native carts (*hackeries*), made of sticks and rope, each drawn by a small bullock, are hovering about in the distance and each has lying down on its floor a hunting chutah, hooded, fastened, and dinnerless. The chase begins. From our vantage ground we see one cart slowly and cautiously driven toward a herd of antelopes and approaching them unseen and unnoticed. When within some forty or fifty yards the cart stops, a keeper jumps into it, and slips and unhoods the chutah, who is

down on the turf in the twinkling of an eye. He sees the grazing animals and forthwith he begins to work towards them. Step by step stealthily he advances, stalking every inch with measured cat-like footfall, and taking advantage of every equality of the ground, every tuft of grass, and every little boulder of rock, to cover his approach. Pace by pace onwards, now a dead stop, down for a moment he crouches. Inch by inch he creeps nearer and nearer, behind a granite boulder he lies crouched for an instant, then on to its crest he crawls and now with an overwhelming leap, a tremendous bound, and he is flying feet through the air into the very midst of the herd. A large, fat buck, the consort of many does, the *paterfamilias* of numerous fawns, and who has been browsing a little apart from his household, has attracted the chutah's attention. But the buck has seen his dread enemy just in time, and flies for dear life over the scrub, over the turf, among the palms. The chutah follows close, now gaining, now losing ground. The chase is most exciting and from our elephants' backs we see every yard of it. Now it seems certain the deer, fleetest of foot, will escape; but no, the "stay" of the animal is greater, and his thirst for blood insatiable. For some minutes more the hunt continues, the deer doubles back from a tope of trees, and comes into the open. A fall in the lay of the land gives the chutah a momentary advantage, he sees it—one, two leaps, and he is on the deer's back and pins him fastly down. There is a cry, a struggle, an endeavor to bring the sharp horns into action; but the weight and strength of Jubata is overpowering, and it is all up with the lord of that herd. The hinds are widows and the fawns fatherless. The keepers come up, they cut the throat of the dying stag, they feed with his life's blood Jubata aforesaid, who now releases his hold and suffers himself to be detached from his quarry.

THE VARIABILITY OF ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION.—Professor Newman in a recent number of the *Contemporary Review* has an interesting paper on the English Language. He argues that, inasmuch as the orthography of our tongue is now nearly fixed, while the pronunciation is constantly and largely varying, we should adjust our pronunciation to

our spelling rather than our spelling to our pronunciation. In proof of the recent changes in our spoken language the Professor says that when a child he was taught to give the broad sound of a in such words as grant, command, grass, and task; and to sound the r in words like lord, hard, door, lorn, pore, and park. Now the short sound of a is considered correct in good English society and the proper pronunciation of such words as lord, hard, etc., is lawd, haad, daw, lawn, paw, pawk. Again he tells us that his mother, though a Londoner, was in the habit of sounding the h in such words as which and wheel; while his schoolmaster always sounded the w as well as the h in whole. Such pronunciation would now be condemned as eccentric; but that only shows what a change has taken place. In connection with this change of pronunciation may be noticed the tendency there is at the present day to throw the accent as far back as possible. Such words as industry, contrary, contemplate, and illustrate had the accent formerly on the second syllable; now they are almost invariably sounded with the accent on the first syllable. This may seem a small matter, but what a difference in sound a mere change of accent causes in some words. Take for example the words capable, tabernacle, moderate and bravery, and notice how differently all these words sound when the accent is placed upon the second syllable instead of the first.

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.—A writer in the *Whitehall Review* tells the following story: "On Friday I was looking at a picture illustrating Stafford being led to execution and blessed by Laud from a window. It hangs in one of the galleries of Stafford House, and as I passed, a lady asked her companion to inform her of the date of the event depicted on the canvas. The individual thus interrogated—he was a careful man, replied, with a caution for which he deserved all possible credit, but withal vaguely, 'Oh, a long time ago' 'I thought so,' observed the fair querist, 'because I do n't remember seeing people dress like that.' Now at first I thought some lady had given her concert ticket to her housekeeper, and I leave you to imagine my feelings when I presently saw this unhistorical personage escorted to her coroneted carriage by a coroneted buttoned

footmen." Judging from this instance one would conclude that the next educational movement demanded in England is a society for the Propagation of Knowledge among Peeresses.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF LEO XIII.—A recent visitor to the Roman Vatican describes the Pope as follows: "A tall, gaunt figure followed, dressed in white from his head to his feet, yet not exactly so, since he wears the traditional scarlet slippers. And I took a good gaze at Leo XIII. He is in his sixty-ninth year, but he looks fully seventy-five. His hair is quite white, and his form almost emaciated. He is by no means handsome, has pale gray eyes, and a mouth reaching more nearly to both ears than any other mouth I ever saw, and which turns his smile into a caricature. He struck me as not being destined very long to occupy the Papal chair; yet they say he has robust health."

THE KIND OF PREACHING WE CAN NOT REMEMBER.—Memory is an uncertain phase

of the human mind, if it is really a part of the mind at all. Scott—we mean, of course, Sir Walter—used to illustrate the capricious affinity of his own memory for what suited it, and of its complete rejection of what did not, by old Beattie of Meikledale's answer to a Scotch divine who complimented him on the strength of his memory. "No, sir," said the old Borderer, "I have no command of my memory. It only retains what hits my fancy, and, probably, sir, if you were to preach to me for two hours, I would not be able, when you finished, to remember a word you had been saying." We suspect the case is the same with many others besides the Scottish laird.

WHAT WOMEN CAN NOT DO.—They have been able fighters in war, have managed commercial enterprises, have painted, written, plowed, shoveled in coal, governed kingdoms, inspired social enterprises, and there is no reason why they should not preach, if they can save souls. There is one thing, however, that a woman can not do—she can not decently sharpen a lead pencil.

LITERATURE.

"GREAT and memorable events" are to the world's history what mountains are to a broad landscape, for as in a distant prospect only the mountains are seen, so affairs of special notoriety are the things chiefly remembered in the world's annals. In its usual form history is chiefly occupied with wars and politics and ecclesiastical affairs, and yet the current of affairs and contemporary topics of almost every age lie outside of these. Events that belong to other categories—social, scientific, physical, and industrial—though they make up the greater part of life's interests, are usually but little noticed in ordinary histories. To compensate for this omission by chronicling for after times the more considerable of these non-historical events is not only to gratify a laudable curiosity, but also to preserve for the use of posterity valuable materials out of which the true philosophy of history may be deduced.

Facts are the original elements of all history, and a competent knowledge of the chief facts

occurring within a given epoch is necessary to a just estimate of its character, and so Mr. Gradgrind was not entirely at fault in demanding "facts" as the chief staple of education. Theories and philosophical speculations may be very good in their place, but their results are valuable only as they are based upon facts, and as these are properly classified and ordered. Some other records, therefore, of the events that make up the daily life of a people than those found in the usual political and ecclesiastical annals, are requisite for the instruction of after generations respecting the things out of which later popular characteristics and institutions have grown up. To write out the stories of such events, and so place them in easy reach of "the people," is to render a valuable public service.

A large and valuable contribution to such a store of our country's *memorabilia* we find in an imperial quarto volume of a thousand pages prepared by R. M. Devens, and published by C. A. Nichols & Co., of Springfield, Mass.

chusetta.* Written during the Centennial era, the book is conformed to the spirit of its time, not only in its subject-matter, but also by being kept within the Centennial period—the hundred years of the American republic. Perhaps, also, it was intended that the book should be made up of a century's events, but the abundance of materials at hand compelled the author slightly to transcend that limitation. Of the subjects treated about one-half are of the kind that usually find place in general histories—political events and military and naval transactions, extending from the Declaration of Independence to the fall of Richmond and the re-occupation of Fort Sumter. The rest of the book is made up, first of "Superb Achievements of Oratory,"—the debate between Webster and Hayne; John Quincy Adams's defense of the Right of Petition; and Mr. Beecher's defense of the American Cause in Great Britain. Then follow in order "Celebrated Cases and Trials,"—twenty-three in all, reaching from Benedict Arnold's to Henry Ward Beecher's; "Phenomena of the Earth, Ocean, and Heavens," (ten events) beginning with the Dark Day in New England (May 19, 1780), and ending with the Total Eclipse of the Sun (1869); "Discoveries and Inventions," from the Cotton-gin to the Pacific Railroad; "Moral and Religious Reforms, Delusions," etc., from the founding of the Mormon Church down to Moody and Sankey; "Popular Overtures, Jubilees," etc., from Lafayette's Visit (1824), to the Great Centennial (1876); "Public Calamities, Disasters," etc., from the Death of General Washington (1799) to the Burning of Boston (1872).

The task of selecting the subjects to be narrated must have been a rather difficult one, and probably nearly every well informed reader will think he sees where he could have improved the list by both omissions and additions; and it must be conceded that some decidedly "great and memorable events" have been passed over in silence, while some not especially worthy of notice are given. But as with a biographical dictionary, it is quite im-

possible in such a case that every body should be exactly satisfied. Possibly any other selection that could be made would be as liable to criticism as is this. These detailed statements, though intended to give all the important particulars in each case, are necessarily concise, and but very little burdened with speculations or moralizing. The whole work is thoroughly American in its tone and spirit, though not obtrusively so, and while not specifically religious, the utmost respect is shown to religious matters, and nothing immoral or trifling is present to offend the most conscientious.

The book is itself a *Family Library*, and into whatever family it may enter it will there very certainly be read with delight and to great profit, and especially so if there are young people—boys and girls—in the house.

We know no class of books better suited for general and miscellaneous reading, whether for profit or pleasure, or, better still, for the union of both, than judicious selections of poetry. How full or select each book shall be must depend upon the scope of the collection to be made, or upon the imposed dimensions of the volume itself. The mass of English poetry is like the flowers of the prairies, or the leaves of the forest, simply beyond measure or enumeration, and, therefore, any possible collection must be a selection—and that fact affords the needed opportunity to secure a high rate of excellence in the matter used. A large number of such collections have been made within comparatively a few years past, and many of these have evinced good taste and editorial skill in their compilers, and the public has awarded to their labors, and the enterprise of their publishers a high appreciation and liberal purchase of the books so offered.

The present season brings yet another of the kind, the *Family Library of British Poetry*,* certainly the most voluminous of its class with its thousand (almost) closely printed pages, double columns, and extending chronologically from Dan Chaucer to Swinburne, with an appendix made up of "British Ballads" and "Anonymous Pieces." The size of

*OUR FIRST CENTURY: Being a Popular Descriptive Portraiture of the One Hundred Great and Memorable Events of Perpetual Interest in the History of Our Country. . . . By R. M. Devens. Illustrated. Published by C. A. Nichols & Co., Springfield, Massachusetts. Imperial Octavo. Pp. 1,007.

*THE FAMILY LIBRARY OF BRITISH POETRY. From Chaucer to the Present Time (1350-1878). Edited by James T. Fields and Edwin P. Whipple. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Imperial Octavo, pp. 998.

the volume, which exceeds that of any of its predecessors of the same character, permits a much broader selection, both as respects the number of authors drawn upon and the number and extent of the pieces used. In unskillful hands this might endanger the character of the whole work; but such is the wealth of the field to be harvested that there can be no necessity for any deterioration because of the abundance of the fruitage, and in the hands of editors of such recognized abilities as are Messrs. Fields and Whipple, there can be no room for fear that the proper discrimination will not be employed.

There are few positions that call for, and give opportunity to, a truer and wider range of critical acumen and accuracy than the making of just such a compilation as this. A cyclopædic knowledge of the treasures of British poetry must be conditioned by a taste at once correct and delicate, and yet not so fastidious as to reject what is really and substantially excellent, for any slight imperfection, nor for one dead fly, though only the smallest, to throw away the whole vase of perfumes. Then, too, in making such a collection the needs of those for whose use it is intended should never for a moment be lost sight of; for it is not the learned, the scholars, and exhaustive students of literature that are to be pleased and profited by such a work, but the millions of generally intelligent and moderately cultured, with whom reading is a pastime and recreation, and who neither possess nor have time to read great libraries. The title, "Family Library," determines what should be the character of the selections; and we are pleased to see every-where in these pages indications of the fidelity with which this idea has been prosecuted, and every-where are also seen evidences of the high degree of success that has crowned the efforts that have been made. As the title promises only "British Poetry," so neither translations nor selections from American authors are used.

SOMEWHAT like both of the foregoing, and yet more unlike them, but still coming within the same category of miscellanies, is "Romantic Realities," prepared by Dr. Daniel Wise, and published by Nelson & Phillips at the Methodist Book Concern, New York. Believing that truth is not only as strange as fiction,

but also often quite as romantic, and, if properly presented, equally entertaining, the author brings together, in a portly volume,* a great number of real cases—adventures, biographies, incidents, and accidents—each having its glamour of romance, all duly classified and arranged under appropriate headings. The First Part, filling over a hundred and fifty pages, is made up of sixteen cases of "Lasting Happiness in Marriage," chiefly of well-known parties. The Second Part, devoted to "Vagaries of the Affections," gives special opportunities for displaying the romantic side of the stories. Here we meet such characters as Calvin, Milton, Sterne, Swift, Abelard and Heloise, and Dante and his Beatrice. Part Third is devoted to "The Romance of Superstition," where we have a vast variety of stories of necromancy, apparitions, and spectral illusions, charms, omens, and "spiritualism." Parts Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth are devoted severally to "Fanaticism," "Modern Missions," and "Heroic and Noble Women;" and Part Seventh is an unclassified "Entertaining Olio." The style of the writing is pure, vigorous, and sprightly; the treatment of the subjects such as to combine the ease of light reading with valuable information and excellent moral teaching. It is a book to read at leisure intervals, making no great demands on the attention, but, like a genial companion, entertaining to profit.

The Water Gipsies (Robert Carter & Bros.) is "a Story of Canal Life in England." The character of the book is pretty clearly indicated by the title and sub-title given above, and by the imprint of the publishers, to which may also be added that of the author, L. T. Meade, whose earlier works, especially "David's Little Lad," and "A Knight of To-day," and "Your Brother and Mine," have won for him deserved favor with the juvenile public. This is still another of the same kind—a lively narrative full of good suggestions, and casting a ray of light upon a dark cranny of English society, which has its counterpart in this country also. (18mo. Pp. 279.)

* ROMANTIC REALITIES; A Series of Historical Pen-Pictures, Illustrating the Romantic and Heroic Sides of Human Life. In Seven Parts. . . . One hundred and three illustrations. By Daniel Wise, D. D. New York: Nelson & Phillips. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. 8vo. Pp. 746.

It is a good thing to have within easy reach for short intervals of leisure, or for the quiet hour, some form of reading matter that without taxing the brain and nerves may at once inform the understanding and quiet the heart. At such times both the intellect and the feelings ask for companionship, and then one's books which never speak unasked, and if judiciously selected always speak as desired, are the best possible resource. And for such a purpose provision must be made by laying in the requisite stock of reading matter. To any who may be making inquiries in that direction, may be commended a volume* lately issued bearing the not especially inviting title, *Mother—Home—Heaven*; made up of selections chiefly from modern productions, clustered about the ideas expressed by the trio of words, which together form the catch title of the book. The same words in the same order have appeared elsewhere as the title of a compilation, but the two books, this and that, are sufficiently unlike to obviate any danger of mistakes.

The selections, about equally divided between prose and verse, take in a wide range as to their authorship, their extent (from three pages to three words) and their subject-matter. In character, both morally and aesthetically, they are all that could be desired—wholesome in their moral character and elevated in their rhetorical and poetical qualities. The whole work looks very much like somebody's scrap-book, a decidedly good one, however, scissorings from the current literature of the last ten years, with a moderate infusion of extracts from earlier sources, chosen with an evident partiality for certain writers or public speakers rather than others of equal merit. Of the authors drawn upon over a hundred and fifty appear but once; twenty-three, twice; twelve, three times; three, four times; two (T. L. Cuyler and W. M. Punshon), five times; and one (T. De Witt Talmage), seven times. The whole range of English literature is quite too wide a field to be represented in any thing less than a cyclopaedia, and, therefore, the omission of this or that name is not to be censured, es-

pecially as the purpose of the book is not instruction but entertainment for persons of pure minds, and such as would gladly turn their most quiet musings to good account. The book is of a good size to handle, in that matter falling within the class commended as most useful by Dr. Johnson, such as one may hold in his hand, and take with him to his seat before the fire. We are quite sure that any who may procure this elegant and valuable volume will not find cause to grudge its cost, and that it will prove to all who use it a perpetual source of profitable enjoyment.

MR. WHITTIER is himself a remarkable verification of the promise made respecting the good man, that he "shall bring forth fruit in old age;" for though he has passed the dreadful mile-stone of "threescore years and ten," his muse is still as prolific and as sweet of song as in his earlier days. Some of the pieces in his last published volume* had before appeared in the magazines, while others are quite new, and they are all good.

Not long since Carter & Brothers published "The Kingdom of Judah," by the author of the "Wide, Wide World," which was simply a Jewish history coming down to the time of the captivity. A second volume† now appears, taking up the story where the former left it, and bringing it down to the rebuilding of the city by Nehemiah. These books, with yet another to follow, are intended to be strictly historical, with their facts drawn from the best authorities in Biblical history and criticism; and yet, as told in the pleasant style of this accomplished writer, the story has all the charm of a romance. Two volumes were issued some time ago—"Walks from Eden," and "Star out of Jacob"—and these three will make up a very elegant and desirable series, "The King's People."

MADAME DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, Duchess of Doudeneville, was a modern saint, although a French woman and a Roman Catholic, whose life of Christian activities attended with

* *GOLDEN THOUGHTS ON Mother, Home and Heaven. From Poetic and Prose Literature, of all Ages and all Lands. With an Introduction by Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler, D. D. Illustrated. New York: E. B. Treat, 805 Broadway. 8vo. Pp. 413.*

* *THE VISION OF ECHARD, and other Poems. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Company. 12mo. Pp. 131.*

† *THE BROKEN WALLS OF JERUSALEM, and the Rebuilding of Them. By the Author of "The Wide, Wide World." New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 18mo. Pp. 313.*

untold sufferings, extended over the stormy period of the first revolution. Her biography, written in French by an appreciative hand, has been translated into English, and now appears from the press of Houghton, Osgood & Company.* Like most others of her class this good woman, though quite the opposite of an idle quietist, was devout, self-sacrificing, and somewhat mystical in her Christian experience. Even the operations of the Divine Spirit seem to be modified by natural characteristics, for neither French nor German Christians speak of their hearts' exercises in the same style that prevails among British and American Christians. Her "Society of Nazareth," her last great work of charity, occupied her last days, and gave opportunities for those enlarged charities which had become the habit of her life. The book is a good one, for while its doubtful qualities will not be likely to harm any body, the good ones will strongly tend to provoke to goodness.

MORE than a year ago we carefully examined a series of historical works written by the well-known and appreciated author, Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, and on our recommendation our publishers, Hitchcock & Walden, undertook their republication. We have now in hand the first volume of the series, "Young Folks' History of Germany."† Having reread this volume in its new dress, we are more than satisfied that we did not put too high an estimate upon it at the first reading. Beginning with the earliest accounts of the "Deutsch clans," who occupied Northern Europe about the beginning of the Christian era, and sweeping rapidly down through the centuries to the times of Karl the Great (768-814), better known as Charlemagne, at which point the history properly begins, the author conducts the reader through the tangled mazes of German history, down to the reign of the Emperor Wilhelm in 1877. The narrative, in spite of its almost interminable complications, is carried along with a good deal of vivacity and clear-

ness, and the style is a model of united transparency and vivacity, and the rude materials of facts are so disposed as to impart to the whole story a degree of beauty of which it might have been judged to be incapable. It is, therefore, a most charming book to read, as well as valuable for instruction. Other volumes on Greece, Rome, England, France, and Spain will probably follow promptly. We know of no more wholesome books to place in the hands of young people.

MARION HARLAND, after winning for herself a place among the best class of writers of fiction, has in these later years devoted her genius to the interests of the labor side of the household. Heretofore she has sent out "Common Sense in the Household" and "Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea," to both of which housekeepers give a good name. Now she issues "The Dinner Year-book,"* in which all who eat dinners should be interested. Respecting its special qualities we certainly would not presume to decide; but judging from the success of its predecessors we predict for this great popularity in the kitchen and the dining-room. The public opinion of the times is in favor of good dinners, and at the same time the financial condition of most people makes economy also desirable. Perhaps this book will reconcile these two apparently hostile claims. The book is well printed and illustrated with colored cuts.

DR. T. L. CUYLER has beyond most others the faculty to say just the right thing, clearly and concisely, and then to stop short and say no more. This renders him a very successful newspaper contributor, which is quite another thing than a successful editor. He is seldom or never profound, and never attempts to elaborate the philosophy of his assumptions, and this also contributes to his success; but he is direct and incisive, and he illuminates whatever he touches upon. His latest publication, in book form, is *Pointed Papers for the Christian Life* (Carter & Brothers, 18mo. Pp. 363). "A series of practical papers on the Christian Life, from the soul's first step towards Jesus Christ clear onward to its final home-coming in heaven." It is a good book.

*LIFE OF MME. DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, Duchess of Doudeauville. Founder of the Society of Nazareth. Translated from the French, Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Company. 18mo. Pp. 336.

†YOUNG FOLKS' HISTORY OF GERMANY. By Charlotte M. Yonge, author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," etc. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Nelson & Phillips. 18mo. Pp. 474.

*THE DINNER YEAR-BOOK. By Marion Harland. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo. Pp. 713.

THE "National Temperance Society and Publication House" is doing a good work in the preparation and issue of substantial temperance volumes and valuable tracts designed to inform and educate the public in the great principles of the Temperance Reform. Among their latest are *Coals of Fire; a Story of a Pauper's Revenge*, by M. Alice Sweet (18mo., Pp. 252), and *Temperance Readings and Recitations No. 2*. (Paper covers, Pp. 96). We can heartily recommend these, with all of their fellows, as altogether worthy of a place in the Sunday-school Library and in the family.

THE "Bodley Books," published in former years by Hurd & Houghton, to-wit: "Doings of the Bodley Family," and "The Bodleys Telling Stories," quartos of over two hundred pages each, finely illustrated, are well known and justly appreciated as interesting and wholly unobjectionable books for children. A third volume now proceeds from the press of Houghton, Osgood, & Co. (successors to Hurd & Houghton)—*The Bodleys on Wheels* (quarto, Pp. 222). Quite another book than either of the former ones, and yet of the same family, only a little more strongly characterized. The young folks will like it.

HARPER'S *Franklin Square Library* has been increased by the addition (22) "Evelina," by Frances Burney (Madame D'Arblay), 15 cents. (23) "The Bachelor of the Albany," 10 cents. (24) "Auld Lang Syne," 10 cents. (25) "M'Leod of Dare," by William Black, 10 cents. (26) "The Mistletoe Bough," 15 cents. (27) "Rare Pale Margaret," 10 cents. Most of these are works of considerable literary merit, some of them well known; well printed, in triple columns, and fairly readable. They are marvels of cheapness.

THE *Half-hour Series* has reached to over eighty in the number of its Lilliputian volumes, among which, besides its thirty odd romances, there are twelve volumes of history, fifteen of biographies, eleven of belles-lettres, and ten on various other subjects. The books are small, but their substance is not.

THE *Methodist Quarterly* for October has six contributed papers, and the usual editorial departments. Of the former the first in order is on "Madame de Stael's Germany," by Dr.

Abel Stevens, who seems to be making a study of that remarkable woman and her writings. Next comes "Tayler Lewis, In Memoriam," by Professor William Wells—a fraternal and appreciative sketch of a very great scholar, an excellent citizen, and an eccentric genius. Professor J. P. Lacroix has a good article (the third), on "The New Ethica," reviewing a recently published work by Dr. Wilhelm Kautich (German), which is approved by the reviewer as more satisfactory than any formerly published treatise on that subject. "Plagiarism and the Law of Quotations," by Dr. H. J. Fox (article IV), is a decidedly clever paper, but better fitted for some less elaborate periodical. In article fourth Mr. S. G. Arnold, of Washington, writes about "Daniel Webster," eulogistically but discriminately, and therefore somewhat sadly. "Christian Perfection," etc., by Dr. J. T. Crane, is on a much used subject, to which it brings nothing new. We notice a criticism on this article in *Zion's Herald*, with which the critic seems not to be well pleased, though he confesses that he does know what the article means. But we are not quite ready to indorse the critic's complaint against admitting such a paper to an official Methodist periodical. In the "Synopsis of the Quarterlies," and in the "Book-table," Dr. Whedon finds opportunity to express his views on a variety of current topics, which is done cripply and ably. This is a decidedly readable number.

THE *Princeton Review* for November fully sustains the high reputation won by preceding numbers issued under its new editor. Its eleven articles are all able, and some of them of decidedly marked merit, even in such company. The names of the contributors of these eleven papers form a group of writers such as are not often brought together in a single number of any periodical. Our attention has been especially called to Principal Dawson's "Rights and Duties of Science," and Dr. Noah Porter's "Physiological Metaphysics." Ex-President Woolsey has an article on "The European Equilibrium," and President M'Cosh one—"A Criticism of the Critical Philosophy." These and some others, whose titles and the names of their authors are very tempting, we have not yet found time to examine.

EX CATHEDRA.

DEAN STANLEY IN AMERICA.

AMERICANS are somewhat famous for the character of their receptions given to distinguished visitors from beyond the sea, in which they have sometimes honored themselves, and sometimes displayed no little of the qualities inelegantly designated, "flunkeyism." The latest, and one of the least exceptionable cases of this kind is the visit of the Dean of Westminster Abbey to this country, and the receptions accorded to him. The many-sidedness of the distinguished visitor was at once an advantage to him, and also a cause of embarrassments. It gave him ready access to widely differing classes of persons, among whom he was compelled to carefully guard his expressions, to speak only upon the points that were mutually agreeable, and so to do that as not to expose himself to unfavorable criticism from those of other opinions. His position was also rendered the more difficult by the fact that whatever he might utter in any of his receptions in this country would be repeated and animadverted upon into his own country, and by his fellow ecclesiastics, whose views and temper are not altogether in harmony with his own. And yet it does not appear that he was to any considerable degree embarrassed by any of these things, for he seemed to go where he pleased, and in every case to speak out clearly and plainly his present convictions.

Dean Stanley in coming to America brought with him his own personal and official character; he made no pretense of an *incognito*, but presuming that his entertainers knew him, he also recognized conspicuously, but not ostentatiously, his own proper position and character. As a clergyman and a dignitary of the Church of England, he was willing to recognize our Protestant Episcopal Church as nearest akin to his own, of all the American Churches; but he was not ready to practically concede its claims to exclusive Churchship in this country. Evidently he was found rather a difficult subject for our pretentious High-churchmen, of THE Church, to dispose of. He was quite too considerable a person, both as a Church dignitary and as an author, for them to ignore him, and yet on account of his

liberality and comprehensive charity, and especially his broad Churchism, he was just the kind of man that they would not care to recognize without some sort of protest. They therefore received him with a qualified cordiality, avoiding all references to the particular points in which they and he are conspicuously not agreed, and for which he is especially distinguished, and in return he talked with them of their common points of interest in Anglican and Anglo-American Christianity. It was evidently a case, where with ostensible agreement and cordiality there were recognized by both parties such wide discrepancies of opinions and practices as forbade even an allusion to them.

Among the "sects" he evidently found a much less constraining state of things. There the diversities of the parties were mutually recognized and could be referred to without offense. They knew him as an English Churchman, and he knew them as of the same kind with the "dissenters" of Great Britain, and this recognized diversity was a favoring condition in their "fests of charity." But quite above and beyond all merely ecclesiastical relations Dean Stanley was known and recognized as an eminent Christian scholar and author, whose writings are much read and highly appreciated by all classes of Christian students in this country. That fact made him a welcome guest among the most cultured classes of all the chief denominations of this country, and to him it gave the needed opportunity for the exercise of his own special qualities as an ecclesiastical historian, a Biblical scholar, and a Christian gentleman.

At the New York Union Theological Seminary he found himself among some of the ablest representatives of the Presbyterian Church in America, and in such a company he was at once at home. The place had also a special and personal attraction to him as the home-field of labor of Dr. Edward Robinson, to whose Biblical researches he declared himself as a traveler in Bible lands and the whole world to be indebted beyond all competent estimation. No doubt he spoke truthfully and candidly in all that he said, on that

subject, and yet, it was especially admirable as a stroke of diplomatic courtesy. Among the Baptists he was equally courteous; but when they quite characteristically attempted to make him a supporter of their own specialty by complimenting his scholarship, and his fairness in granting that he had found that in the early Church immersion was the prevalent form of baptism, he replied that he placed very little value on any traditional form of ecclesiastical ceremonies; as if he would have said, "Granting all that you claim respecting the usage of the early Church in this matter, it proves nothing as to what should be the practice of the Church at the present time, since it is the right of the Church to change or modify its own ceremonies."

But as a popular ovation, the reception given to Dean Stanley by the Methodists of New York quite eclipsed all its rivals, and yet it came about almost entirely unsought, as to its special features. At first it was simply in the form of an invitation to be present at the preachers' meeting, on one of its Monday morning gatherings; but because many others than the ministers expressed a desire to be present, it was thought best to have the reception in a church, and arrangements were made accordingly. Just then the annual session of the General Missionary Committee in New York had called all of the bishops and some other distinguished Methodists, both ministers and laymen, to that place, whose presence, of course, added to the character of the occasion. Without much effort toward giving the matter publicity, sufficient interest was awakened to bring together perhaps the most properly representative body of Methodists ever assembled in this country, consisting of the whole body of the bishops, and the other members of the Missionary Committee, ministers, chief laymen and women, crowding to its full capacity St. Paul's Church, with its space for two thousand five hundred people.

The exercises of the occasion were remarkable not only for *what* they were but also for *how* they were "rendered." To borrow terms from another kind of public display, it may be said that the "stage" arrangements were perfect, and every body "came to time" fully prepared for his "part." After waiting nearly an hour for the appointed time, the audience was notified of the coming of the *cortege*, and in-

structed how they should deport themselves. Soon the side door opened and the great men came in, in double file, led by the chairman of the committee and the venerable Bishop Scott, and closed by Dr. Tiffany, the pastor of the Church, with Dean Stanley leaning on his arm, the congregation standing, according to instructions duly given. And then the great organ thundered out its loudest notes, and the whole congregation united to sing Bishop Ken's Doxology. Dr. Tiffany then informed the congregation what was the occasion of their gathering, referring especially to the honors done to ex-President Grant in Europe, and congratulating them on the opportunity now afforded by the presence of Dean Stanley among us to somewhat reciprocate those courtesies. After further referring to the high reputation of their honored guest, he requested Bishop Harris to preside over the meeting during its proceedings. After prayer Dr. James M. King came forward with a written address which he read, ostensibly to Dean Stanley, but really to the congregation, in which he referred to his public reputation, especially as a scholar and a writer; his successful career all the way from Rugby to Westminster; his travels in Palestine, so graphically recorded for the instruction of the whole world; his Jewish and Ecclesiastical Histories; and especially his recognition of the proper claims of the Wesleys, as shown by giving a place for their monument in Westminster Abbey. The address was a model of its kind in both its composition and delivery, and at its close the copy, finely engrossed on parchment, was handed Dean Stanley, who received it with a graceful obeisance.

And now came the time for the honored guest to respond; and at his rising the whole congregation (mindful of the lesson given at the first) again rose to their feet. Dean Stanley, though rather a fine-looking old gentleman, of nearly seventy, is not of an especially imposing appearance, and though he speaks clearly and intelligently, and with very little of the peculiar guttural of an English lord or bishop, is not a finished orator. His address was a marvel of skillful saying and not saying—of avoiding points that he did not choose to discuss, and of bringing boldly to the front others that he wished to present. His reference to the labors and the charac-

ters of the Wesleys were all that any intelligent Wesleyan could have desired, and this was not, as is often the case, nullified by depreciation of the Wesleys of the present time. Throughout, the address, which was not a brief one, was distinguished for the breadth of views, its genuine and hearty catholicity, and its clearness of perceptions and discriminations, though in its undertones his semi-rationalistic liberalism could be detected. But the audience was not in a critical mood, and, therefore, no exceptions were taken.

Dean Stanley has gone back to England, and not improbably the Church in both this and his own country will hear more of his impressions, and there is no doubt that his animadversions will be worthy of himself, and such as may be useful on both sides of the sea.

THE CHICAGO HERESY CASE.

AT the late session of the Rock River Conference, as had been expected would be the case, when the name of Rev. H. W. Thomas, pastor of Centenary Church, Chicago, was called, notice was taken of the fact that according to common report his doctrinal teachings were not in conformity to the generally accepted doctrines of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The complaint, thus informally made, was not a new one, for both from his pulpit and through the press Dr. Thomas is said to have habitually given expression to doctrinal opinions quite at variance with those generally accepted and taught by his denomination. The knowledge of that fact, in such a community as Chicago, very naturally would make any minister of an evangelical Church famous, and probably attract the multitude to his services. With such examples of those of Colyer and Swing before him, an aspiring young man might be tempted to seek for a cheap popularity by going after strange vagaries, and seem to be original and independent in his thinkings by simply becoming erratic; and so, perhaps, it has occurred. The multitude thronged the Centenary Church, it is said, and its pastor gratified their "itching ears" by forms of speech and statements of doubts and suggestions of half-formed convictions, such as had not before been heard from a Methodist pulpit. After tolerating this state of things for a long time, the Conference at length determined to look into the affair.

In Methodism the annual conference is the guardian of the orthodoxy and the morality of its own members, who are also the pastors and teachers of the Churches in all the territory covered by the body. And as each and any of the ministers of the conferences may be in turn the pastors of the various local Churches, so each Church is concerned in the doctrinal soundness of every minister of the conference, and the conference as an administrative body, owes it to the Churches to carefully guard against false doctrines in any of their members. This duty was recognized by the members of the Rock River Conference, and though in obedience to the spirit of the times, which abhors heresy hunting, they waited long, and for successive years forbore to move in the case, they at length felt that to delay any longer would be a wrong against all the parties concerned. But to avoid any thing like harshness in the proceedings, the bringing of formal charges was avoided, and simply an informal inquiry was instituted. This course was satisfactory to all parties. Dr. Thomas was permitted to make his own statement of his doctrinal positions, which, however, failed to satisfy the Conference; but because of his evident sincerity, and the absence of arrogance or ill-temper, and because he pledged himself to endeavor to avoid the utterances that had given offense, his case was not pressed to a trial, and he was reappointed to his former charge for another year. This brief statement of the case appears alike creditable to all the parties concerned; and here it is to be hoped the difficulty will end to the satisfaction of all, and to the welfare of the Church.

But, as was to be expected, other parties have had their say in the matter, and both the Conference and Dr. Thomas have come in for a share of censure, they for their "narrow and persecuting" spirit, and he for his lack of nerve and manhood in yielding in any degree to the demands made upon him. As the case appears from our somewhat remote point of view, both of these complaints seem to be not well taken. It was clearly the duty of the Conference to protect itself from the intrusion of false doctrines, and the methods pursued seem to have been to the last degree gentle and forbearing. The course of the (informally) accused party in frankly stating his positions as to the points at issue, so far as

he had taken any is also to be commended, however unsatisfactory that statement might be; and as Dr. Thomas's complained-of heresies were stated by himself only hypothetically, it was certainly no sacrifice of self-respect for him to promise to carefully re-examine the whole subject, and until he shall have arrived at settled convictions to avoid the discussion of those points in his public teachings. It was, indeed, his capital fault that he should have projected his crude and half-formed notions upon his congregations, who came to the house of God, not to be either amused or amazed with their minister's doubts and queryings. Only ripe thoughts are fit to be delivered as Heaven's messages to men; and he who has only speculative crudities to offer ought to be silent.

This case, and others of more or less similar characters, that are ever occurring, render it desirable that ecclesiastical judicatories, who are charged with the keeping of the faith of the organic body should understand and appreciate their duties. Churches, whether as single societies, or organic denominations, have their recognized systems of doctrines, which the minister covenants to teach and inculcate and which the members accept as the faith in which they come to be instructed. While, therefore, every man has his natural rights to hold and propagate whatever convictions he may reach, and while, simply as an isolated person, his moral and religious rights in the case are between himself and his God, as a member of an organized Church, having its proper and accepted form of belief, he has no right to hold or teach to the contrary thereof. It is, indeed, unwise for Church formularies to be over exact in their statements of doctrines; and in symbols designed for common use, even a little "judicious ambiguity" may not be amiss in some cases. But in respect to any of the great elementary truths of religion there should be a cordial acceptance of them, especially by those who take upon themselves the office of teachers of the Word and doctrine. We can readily conceive that a lay member of a Church, who may have come to doubt some of its accepted tenets, may still in all good consciences remain in its communion because of the spiritual advantages it affords him. But in such a case he will, if an honest man, avoid all efforts to

bring others over to his own ways of thinking. But the case is very different with a minister, whose whole life is necessarily made up of efforts to implant in other minds, so that they may produce their legitimate fruits, the religious and theological opinions that he has himself conceived. To hold one creed and teach another is a double falsehood. It is to be false to one's own understanding and false to those whom he teaches.

It is not easy to conceive of a more palpable fraud than would be that of a minister who, having departed from the accepted faith of his Church, takes advantage of his position, and uses the influence it gives him to pervert the minds of his hearers and to seduce them from the faith in which he has professionally, and under most solemn vows, undertaken to confirm them. Any minister, if an honest man, or even a man of honor, finding himself out of harmony with the great principles of his denomination, will, first of all, restrain his doubts, while more thoroughly examining the subject, and carefully watch his words that no one shall suspect his misgivings; and if his doubts matures into settled convictions then will he quietly retire from a position that both duty towards others and self-respect must forbid him longer to occupy. And to attempt on leaving to carry away with him some of the members of the Church, or to leave them unsettled by his defection, would be to openly attempt to profit by a confessed fraud. We remember some years ago when Dr. (now Bishop) Huntington, while yet chaplain at Harvard, was preaching evangelical discourses to the University, a doubt arose in some minds whether it was quite the right thing, though in that case there were certain weighty considerations in favor of his course. We were glad, nevertheless, when we heard that he had voluntarily vacated his place. We have known other cases in which ministers have voluntarily given up excellent positions because of their lack of harmony with the doctrines they were expected to preach, and sometimes not until the act of resignation had occurred was it generally known that any such want of harmony existed. Such actions are worthy of all praise. It is to be feared, however, that not every case of change of theological base is marked with such conscientiousness and honor.

How far any of these considerations may apply to the facts of the case referred to at the opening of this paper we are not prepared to say. They are, however, truths universally applicable, and are, as such, most respectfully and earnestly commended to the consideration of all whom they may concern. For a long time the cry has been systematically raised against any who have dared to exercise the rights of associated bodies of Christians to assert and maintain their cherished religious convictions as "heresy hunters," and enemies to religious liberty. And every errorist who prostitutes his position in the pulpit, and violates his ordination vows by preaching the vagaries that he had undertaken in solemn form to "banish and drive away," is lauded as at once a champion of free thought and a victim of "persecution." It is quite time that all this should have an end. We applaud the man that dares to accept the truth as it comes to him by the force of overpowering convictions; but let him be honest towards his relations as well as to his convictions; let him leave the place to which he finds himself no longer entitled, without seeking either to spoil or to defile it.

THE MILLENNIUM.

OF all the departments of theology, that of eschatology is the least satisfactorily determined, and of that whole subject no other portion is so largely liable to this censure as that relating to Christ's second coming, with the cognate matters of the resurrection, the general judgment, and the *millennium*. Every body assents in a general way, to each and all these; but in respect to their details, and even among learned and judicious theologians, every thing is uncertain and indefinite. That Christ will come again to our world is the unanimous belief of all Christians; but in respect to the time, the manner, and the purpose of his coming, there is the wildest, not to say the wildest, variety of opinions. That there will be a resurrection of the dead all believe; but under the same word (resurrection, *anastasis*) the most unlike ideas are conceived. All concur in expecting a future judgment for all men; but whether or not there is to be a simultaneous arraignment of the whole human race before God, with a splendid array of dramatic appointments on the "Day of Judgment,"

is a question in respect to which there is not the same unanimity. But beyond all else is there a wide diversity of views concerning the millennium. Some are confidently expecting that there will occur at some point in the world's history a sudden pause and revolution in its social order, while as yet its cosmic affairs shall be unchanged; when Christ will appear in his physical manhood, and assume in his own person the administration of the political affairs of the earth; and that the term of his administration will extend over precisely one thousand solar years, after which will come another and a widely different epoch in the world's history. These are the *millennarians par excellence*. They are distinguished for the materialistic literalness of their notions of the kingdom of Christ, and they delight in depicting the processes of his work in gorgeous imageries and highly dramatic forms. The language of prophecy is accepted as a literal presentation of what shall be and wherein that language is indefinite, the lacking details are readily supplied from the creations of poetical imaginations. It is also worthy of notice that this class of persons, ever since the ascension of Christ, and till now, have been in constant expectation that his second advent was all the time just at hand. It was so in the times of the apostles and during the lives of the fathers. The Church of the Middle Ages was full of that expectation, and it is a constantly felt element in the modern Church, including the Protestantism of the nineteenth century. The delays and disappointments of succeeding generations for eighteen hundred years seem not to affect the assurance with which each new generation takes up the blighted hopes of its predecessors, and presents anew to its own time with mathematical and chronological definiteness of rendering the promise "Behold I come quickly." Of course, when first given, the qualifying term of that sentence spanned at least nearly two thousand years; but now, it is assumed, that it can not properly be stretched beyond a very few years, while it is generally recommended that an instant expectation of its fulfillment should be entertained.

The numerical proportion as compared with the great body of believers of those who really accept these views, with all their conditions and logical consequences, is perhaps not

large; but they are, as a class, deeply in earnest and much given to proclaiming their opinions and laboring to make proselytes to their own way of thinking. But below them, all the way down to complete disbelief of this whole matter of a literal and materialistic millennium, are to be found men of all shades of belief and of doubt, respecting the subject. No more difficult question to be answered respecting any Biblical or theological opinion could be asked than, What is the prevailing opinion of intelligent Protestant theologians and Biblical scholars respecting the millennium? Will Christ's second appearing be by a physical and bodily presentation of himself to men's sensuous preceptions? Will he become, in his own person, a civil magistrate ordering the affairs of society? Will his coming be heralded by sounds and sights, and the gorgeous accompaniments of a triumph, all addressed to, and apprehended by, men's physical senses? Are we to understand the "thousand years" (named only once in the New Testament) to consist of just three hundred and sixty-five thousand solar days, with the requisite additions for leap-year days? Since "the promise of his coming," as men have interpreted it, has seemed to fail, for more than eighteen hundred years, have we any better assurance that it will not continue to fail indefinitely? These are a few of the questions that are asked and which must receive intelligent answers, if the doctrine of the second advent and the millennium is to be accepted.

But, after all, may not an intelligent believer, one neither daft nor dazed, but full of practical zeal for Christ's kingdom, just at this point ask of his earnest Adventist brother, *Cui bono?* What good can possibly come from the agitation of this subject? and what advantage could come from its universal acceptance among Christians? Is not the universal and absolute certainty of death and of the judgment "after death" quite as effective an incentive to diligence and watchfulness as can possibly be the instant expectation of the dramatic revelation of the Lord from heaven? The former appeals to men's godly fears, to their hearts and consciences; the latter to their imaginations. Which of these tends most certainly to induce a rational godliness of life and conduct?

In the presence of the quickened spirit of

religious inquiry that distinguishes our times, it can not be expected that the many undetermined questions that lie upon the surface of the doctrine of Christian eschatology shall remain in their historical uncertainty. And in any rational discussion of that subject it will be necessary to go back to first principles, and to subject not a few of the proscriptive assumptions of former times respecting this whole subject to a course of heroic re-examination. Even a little wholesome skepticism, in such a case, might not be amiss.

THE story, "Among the Thorns," which has been running in successive numbers of the NATIONAL REPOSITORY, during the whole of the past year, and is continued in the present number, is approaching its close, which will be reached in two or three more numbers. Probably some of our readers have not followed it through its successive installments; but it will now be safe for them to gather up the numbers for 1878, and begin reading the successive parts, with the assurance that "the end draweth nigh." Very few stories of such power and excellence have ever been given to the American public, whether as a serial or in book form.

A GENTLEMAN writing from Newburg, New York, calls in question the accuracy of some of Mr. Dawson's statements respecting the capture and burning of Kingston, given in our October number. At this we are not at all surprised; for what piece of local history, with details of facts, was ever written to which exceptions were not taken. Our correspondent especially objects to Mr. Dawson's estimate of General Putnam's conduct in connection with that affair; but if he has another story to tell, it is time he should be about it, for the great histories and the local traditions agree in setting forth the conduct on that occasion of the hero of the wolf's den as not above grave suspicions of either cowardice or bad faith, or what is more probable, inefficiency. Mr. Dawson's narrative is valuable chiefly for its fullness of details. In all its chief points, including his estimates of the relative merits and demerits of the two principal commanders—General Putnam and Governor Clinton—he does not differ from the accepted accounts.